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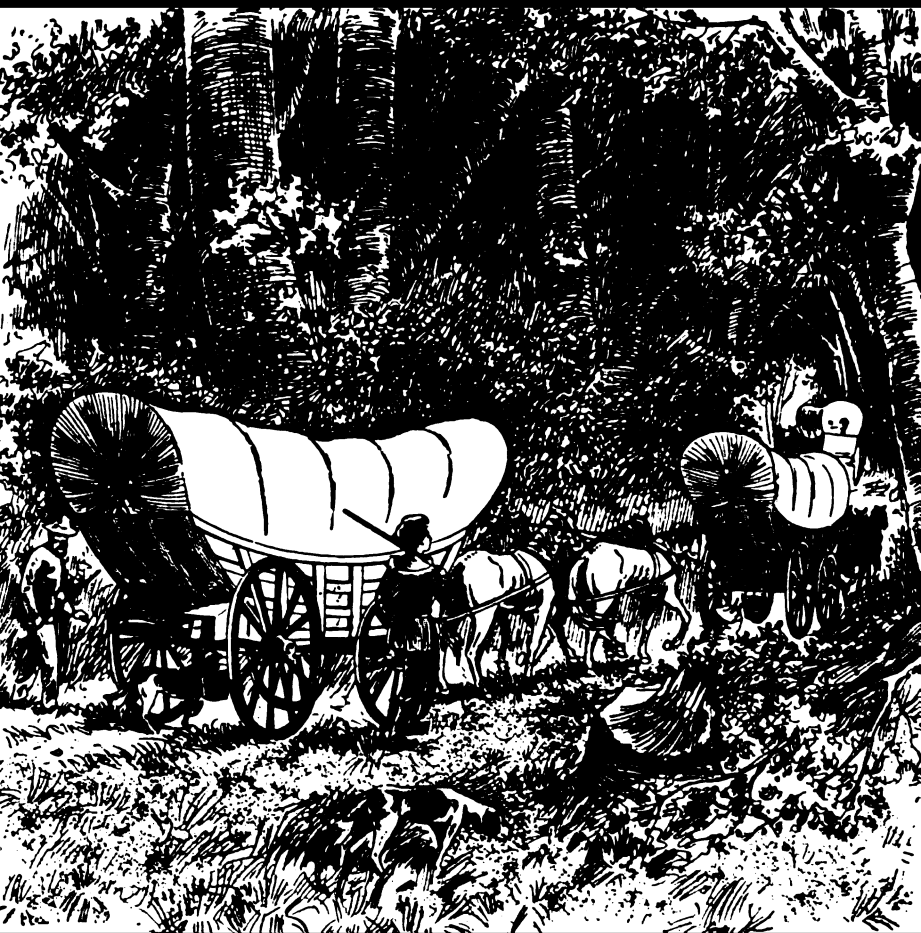
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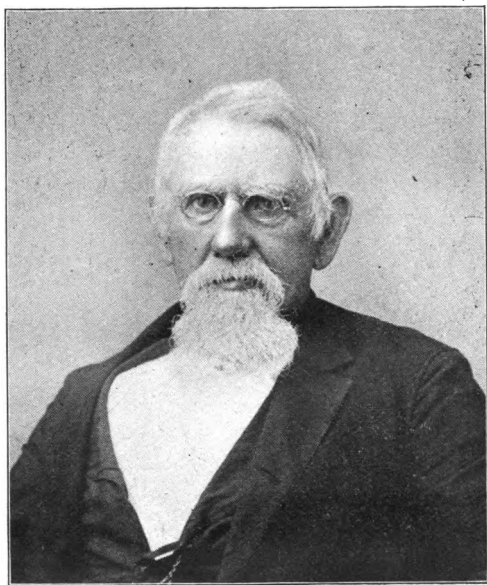
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*The autobiography
of James Crooks, A.M., M.D.*



DR. JAMES CROOKS.

THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
JAMES CROOKS, A.M., M.D.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA:
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1900.

c. Hart

DEDICATION.

This little volume is affectionately dedicated to my friends; those few remaining of my youth; those who in mid-life were friends indeed, and those who came to me in my old age. To all these I give this book with the feeling of a hand-grasp between old friends.

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PREFACE.

In writing this little book I have three objects in view. First:—to give the genealogy of the Crooks family as far back as I was able to obtain it, so that it might be given to posterity. Second:—to give some idea of the mode of living and the manners and the customs of the brave pioneer, and show the hardships they had to undergo when the forests of Indiana were settled. Third:—to contrast the old and the new by means of the wonderful inventions and improvements that have come under my observation in the past seventy years, and to give a short sketch of my travels.

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JAMES CROOKS.

BRIDGETON, INDIANA, Aug. 1, 1900.

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CHAPTER I.

MY ANCESTRY.

THE progenitors of the Crooks family were genuine Scotch. Their earliest settlement was at Paisley, Scotland, about six miles from Old Glasgow. They were somewhat famous in the Presbyterian church for their long, unbroken chain of ruling elders.

There is a memorial in the ruins of an old castle in that locality called Crookston, to which our ancestors were some way connected, but it has been impossible for us to trace the history of the family through all the centuries that have passed.

Many interesting historical matters connected with our family have been lost. In writing this sketch it is my intention to give reliable data upon which future generations may base a more complete history without the extensive research that has been necessary in this work.

Leaving the family connections in Scotland, we will endeavor to learn of them in this country.

James W. Crooks, late of Springfield, Massachusetts, says: "The immediate ancestors of the Crooks family emigrated from Scotland to America about the year 1720, in company with many others, and settled in the old Bay State and

New Hampshire. They stopped awhile about thirty miles from Boston, but soon went further west, and made a permanent settlement at a place named Glasgow, on account of the good old Scotch predilection." This town was in the southwestern part of Hamden county and is now called Blanford. The original settlers of Blanford emigrated to western Pennsylvania, Maryland and other western states. The names John, James, William and Samuel, were very common in all of our families. In western Pennsylvania we find the immediate branch of our ancestors.

The original settlers of western Pennsylvania came there in the year 1730 with that tide of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, and I am of the opinion that my ancestors were among them. The records of Franklin county show that a family of Crooks were there in 1738. My grandfather Crooks was born in western Pennsylvania, January 24, 1750, probably in Franklin county. He died in Parke county, Indiana, June 15, 1833, aged 83 years, 4 months and 20 days. His remains were laid to rest in the New Discovery cemetery, near the Baptist church.

My grandfather's name was James, and that, also, was the name of my great-grandfather, who had four boys—Thomas, Richard, James and William,—my grandfather being his third son,

William, the youngest. William has always been a very popular name in the Crooks family. Of the two oldest of my grandfather's brothers, Thomas and Richard, I never knew anything; but William's son, whose name was also William (my father's cousin) often visited us when we lived at Waynetown, in Montgomery county, Indiana.

Henry D. Spears, of New York City, who was his grandson, took a great interest in helping me trace our genealogy. To him I am greatly indebted for assistance in this work.

My grandfather's brother William was born April 17, 1756, being six years younger than my grandfather, and died April, 1835; he and his son, William, are both buried at Millville, Butler county, Ohio. My Grandfather Crooks was twice married; his first wife's name was Herrod. Uncle Samuel Crooks was the only son by this union. After leaving Ohio he located in Parke county, Indiana, and bought a farm near Bellmore. He was quite an aged man when he died. He was the father of Captain James and Gideon Crooks. Gideon Crooks was drowned at Bridgeton in May, 1868. He, with two others, were crossing the creek above the mill-dam in a skiff; the creek was very full; the swift current getting the advantage of the oarsman, the skiff was carried over the mill-dam. He and another man by the name of

Clark were drowned; the other man, whose name was Shewmaker, got out alive.

My grandfather's second wife's name was Nancy Blue. She was my grandmother. By this union my grandfather had six sons and two daughters, to-wit: James, Abraham, Jacob, William, Thomas and Hamilton. William B. was my father. The daughters were Elizabeth and Mary. Elizabeth was the oldest and married Marsh Cornelison; Mary was married to Abel Ball; they were both good men.

My Uncle James was a blacksmith by trade. My Uncle Abraham never married; he was subject to epileptic fits; he was a rugged man but died before he reached the age of 35 years. The third son, Jacob, was a very energetic, active business man. Before he was married he made his home with Colonel Jacob Bell. He married Nancy Adams. He purchased a farm two miles north of Bellmore, where he resided until the day of his death. He died a comparatively young man. He had three children, two girls and a boy; only one child, Clemantine Odell, is now living. Uncle Jacob Crooks was a useful and very energetic man.

It was the custom here in early times to build flatboats, and carry produce to New Orleans in the spring of the year. He made quite a business

of this. He would gather together a cargo of what he and his neighbors raised on their farms and run that to New Orleans and exchange it for commodities that he could convert into cash, making a market at home at their own doors. The Wabash river being the only outlet, was the channel of trade that the country then possessed; railroads were unknown to the inhabitants; communications to the outer world were poor. The Wabash river being navigable only a part of the year, and as New Orleans was the great market for our section of the country, the flatboating trips had to be made in the spring, when the river afforded a sufficient depth of water. Very often on his return, when the Wabash river would be too low for boats to run, he would have to take it afoot all the way through from Evansville or Vincennes, making his return tiresome. He was absent from home generally about six weeks. Samuel P. Crooks related a circumstance which occurred while he was at his uncle's attending school. They were expecting his uncle's return; one evening they saw him coming; he looked around and saw his aunt crying; he thought it very strange for he mistook tears of gladness for sorrow.

Uncle Thomas Crooks was two years younger than my father. Hamilton Crooks was the youngest of my grandfather's family; he died at the age

of sixty. Thomas Crooks was the last surviving member of the family. He died July 13, 1892, aged 87 years. My father, Dr. Wm. B. Crooks, was born in February, 1803, and died April 18, 1856, in the 54th year of his age. He was a powerful man physically. His death was a sad affair to me. My mother's maiden name was Johnson—Martha Johnson. She was born in Butler county, Ohio, in the year 1804, and died in 1865, aged 61 years. She was the daughter of David and Lucinda Carter Johnson. My Great-Grandfather Johnson came from England. He had four sons, whose names were James, Abel, Richard and David, all men of remarkable strength. James, when 80 years old, could make a full hand in the harvest field, and at a log-rolling, where there were fifty men, he outlifted the best man. In former years there were many tests of strength on these occasions, and the man that was able to hold up the end of his handspike against all others, and was never vanquished, bore his honors quite proudly. Richard was noted as a great swimmer and diver. He swam the Ohio river with a canoe cabled to his big toe. Before diving-bells were used, he was often called upon to dive where boats had been wrecked. I suppose it was from that side of the house that I got my endurance to perform diving, as I was always considered

an adept at that, and people would often say I was equal to a muskrat in the water. Abel was a large powerful man.

My Grandfather David Johnson was a Revolutionary soldier, and was under General Washington at the battle of White Plains. He was married three times. My Uncle John Johnson, who lived near Oxford, Butler county, Ohio, was of the first set of children. He was the father of C. W. Johnson and was born January 29, 1791. He was 14 years older than my mother. She was a daughter of my grandfather's second wife. I have often heard my mother speak of Uncle John. When a boy he had the white swelling, and had to have his leg amputated above the knee. This was before chloroform was known. The surgeon who performed the operation was drunk, and failed to make a flap to cover the end of the bone, and he could never use a wooden leg. Mother said when she was small that he would run races with her on his crutch and cane.

My Grandfather Johnson was a very stern and positive man. After my grandmother died he visited us often. He prided himself on having a fine horse. He was a graceful rider and always came on horseback when he visited us. When he came he would often stay a week or two. He lived to be a very old man. He died and was

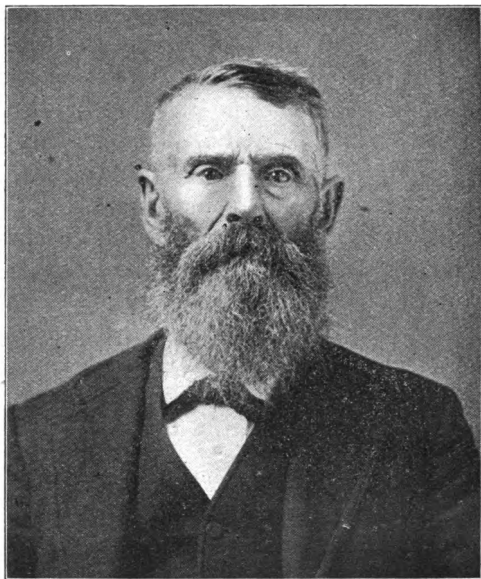
buried in Knox county, Ohio. He became very childish. We boys disliked to see him come, for he always set us to work and kept us at it, and we thought he was a hard taskmaster. He would stand over us at our work, and flourish his cane over our heads and would say, "I will show you how the gander hops," and we were afraid that he would. On one of his visits which I particularly remember, there were two large sugar trees, about two feet over, which had stood near the house, and had been blown down by the wind; he took us out to where they lay, and said, "You must cut these trees up into firewood. It looked to us like a big undertaking, but there was no getting around it. We commenced. He stood over us and planned how it should be done, day in and day-out, expecting every moment that his walking stick might be used upon our heads. In a week the trees were converted into firewood. While he remained he was master of the house, and we boys felt relieved when we saw him depart.

I do not recollect my Grandfather Crooks ever visiting our family; I just can recollect seeing him. The first positive information I have of him is when he left Pennsylvania and came down the Ohio river in a boat. On their way down they were often shot at by the Indians who in-

fested the great forests that occupied both sides of the river at that time. After they had descended the river as far as where Cincinnati now is, they landed; they commenced to build a fort, and my grandfather assisted in cutting the first stick of timber for its construction. The old citizens of Cincinnati say that it was built on the corner of Third and Broadway. Here he remained for three years, and then went further down the Ohio river to the falls near Louisville, Kentucky, where he engaged in building another fort, and remained there for three more years. His next move was over into Kentucky, and located at a place called "Bullit Lick," where, I have lately been informed, was in the neighborhood of Louisville, Kentucky, where he assisted in building another stockade or fort. Here he also remained three years.

The settlers were greatly annoyed by the Indians. When they went out in their fields to work they went with their rifles strapped upon their backs, not having any assurance that they would ever return home alive. While many of the pioneers were killed by the savages, we have no information that any of the Crooks family lost their lives that way. As the location of my grandfather was not very satisfactory, after fighting the battles of life and the Indians for three years, he

concluded to return to Ohio. Prior to his removal he sold his property and possessions, taking Continental money for his first payment. Shortly after this, that money lost its value, and thus,



THOMAS CROOKS—My Uncle.

Grandfather Crooks was deprived of his hard-earned property. He and others started back to the Buckeye state by wagon in the dead of winter.

Upon arriving at the Ohio river, opposite Cincinnati, which was then a small village, they found the river frozen over, the ice thick and glassy. They knew that their horses could not keep their feet upon the slick surface. To obviate this difficulty they tore up woollen garments and fastened them on the horses' feet, which were not shod; this kept them from slipping and falling upon the ice. This device proved to be a success, and they crossed the river in safety. His next settlement was made on what was known as Cotton Run, about eight miles northwest of Hamilton, Butler county, Ohio. At that place my father, Dr. William B. Crooks, was born in February, 1803. Uncle Thomas was also born there. I have before stated that he was the last surviving member of the family, and to him I am indebted for part of this history.

Several years later my grandfather moved over into Franklin county, Indiana, which joins Butler county on the west. His residence was near the state line. Here my grandfather lived when my father was married. My father moved into a house which, by mistake, extended partly over into Butler county, Ohio, the state line running through the house. In this house I was born.

CHAPTER II.

MY BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

I WAS born in Butler county, Ohio, October the 26th, 1825, about six miles west of Oxford, not very far from College Corner. As I have stated, the house in which I was born was, by mistake, built across the state line, and I was born in the part that stood in Ohio. When I was a few months old my father moved to Harrison, Indiana, near the state line, where he lived a short time before coming to Parke county. This, of course, was before my recollection.

I often heard my mother speak of a circumstance that happened to her there. People those days were compelled to do their cooking in vessels before an open fire, before cookstoves were known in the West. The house in which my parents lived had a cellar under it, and the rats had undermined the hearth. One morning she was fixing to prepare breakfast, and had placed her teakettle on the fire; she was standing on the hearth, when it gave way all at once under her feet, and the teakettle and all took a tumble into the cellar below, but fortunately she came out uninjured.

My father came to Parke county in the year

1826. We landed at Aunt Sally Bell's, in Raccoon township. Abel Bell was then a young man. I was one year old. My Grandfather Crooks moved to Parke county about the same time and settled in the New Discovery. My father bought a small piece of land in Raccoon township on section 28, and built a house and moved into it. He was the first physician to locate in the township, or in the Raccoon Valley. Here my recollections first commenced, which seems, now to me to extend away back into the dim shadows of the past. Several little incidents occurred, though simple, that I still remember, and which became deeply engraven upon my memory, and have been retained through many years.

When I was between three and four years old, the first thing I distinctly remember, my father hired three men, brothers, by the name of Moore, who had just come into the neighborhood from one of the Eastern states, and, of course, our Western people called them "Yankees." They were hired to clean up our garden spot just west of the house. Among the trees that grew upon it was a large coffee-nut tree. I had been in the habit of picking up the pods and the nuts that fell from the tree, and I thought them very beautiful. I saw the men commence to cut down the tree. I hated to have it done and I was grieved

over the matter. I tried to stop them but they paid no attention to my entreaties. I ran to the house, told my mother that the "Yankees" were cutting down our coffee-nut tree, and I begged her not to let it be done; my entreaties did no good, and the tree went down. The next season my mother had a fine garden on that spot. She had reserved a fine large cucumber for seed. She came in from the garden one day, spoke of it and cautioned me not to pull it. This excited my curiosity, and I went to the garden to search for it. I found a very beautiful one, and I was at a loss to know whether it was the one or not. So I pulled it, and as young as I was I recollect my feeling when I broke it loose from the vine that I had wrought an injury that I could never mend. I felt that I had done wrong, for I was almost certain that it was her seed cucumber. I took it in to my mother, and sure enough it was the identical one, but I was in hopes that it was not.

When I was three years old I coined words of my own. There was something about it some way, that the word conveyed to my mind, the idea of the article spoken of. I called fire *pundash*, a knife, I called *dame*. One day my mother offended me, I had a knife in my hand, I told her I was going to throw the *dame* in the *pundash*. She did not understand what I meant and I

carried out my threat. I threw the knife in the fire. A watermelon from its shape I called a *pollfiddle*, and an old-fashioned wellsweep for drawing water. I gave the name *Greencastle*.

My father being a physician, in my childish mind I thought myself one, and the people, usually old ladies humored the joke and encouraged me in it. Ashes were my medicine which I carefully dosed out, giving particular directions. Bleeding those days was a great hobby. I had seen people bled and of course I had to have a lancet; I very well recollect what I used. Some one had given me the handle of an old dirk knife; the back spring was in two pieces, and one worked on a pivot. On this pivot it would play back and forth very easily; this was my lancet, and it answered my purpose admirably. Two old ladies, Aunt Sally Bell and Aunt Lydia Bramblet were generally my victims, and they played it on me nicely. They would bare their arms and ask me to bleed them. I would take out my lancet, apply it to their arms, bring the old back spring a flip, and they would jerk their arms away and appear terribly frightened, and this would cause me to laugh heartily. I remember this very plainly.

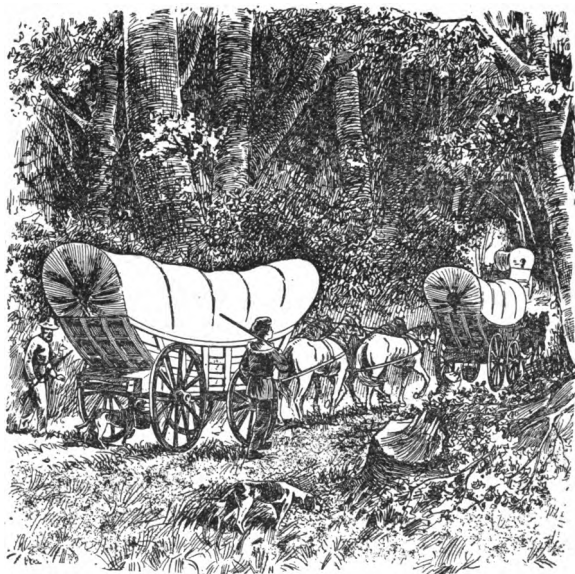
A man by the name of Nickols lived in our neighborhood. His wife died, leaving an infant

one day old. My mother who had just lost a young babe, took the child to raise. I remember when the little fellow was brought to our house. Old Aunt Lydia Bramblet brought him wrapped up in a blanket. She uncovered his little face and said to me: "See what I have brought you." This circumstance deeply impressed me. Not very long after this event, Nickols contracted milk-sick and died. On his deathbed he requested my father and mother to raise the babe as their own child, and never to let him know but what he was. The boy was kept ignorant of the fact until he was in his "teens" and almost grown. "Outsiders" however did not feel like the secret ought to be kept and they would tell him that my father and mother were not his parents. He always became offended at this and would not believe them. It would always put me out of humor when I heard them tell him. Finally my parents told him all about it and he cried. William Nickols was his name. When he became of age he fell heir to a small estate in Kentucky. His mother's maiden name was Ellis and she married Nickols against her people's wishes, as he was a poor man. He was educated and a schoolteacher. William Nickols and I grew up together. After he began to do for himself, he went south and was at Memphis, Tennessee,

working in a printing office. He wrote me a letter and sent me a paper and said that he was coming home as he was homesick. Nearly a half century has passed since then and that was the last time I ever heard from him. He always seemed to me like my brother and I thought as much of him as if he had been.

When I was six years old my father sold out in Parke county and located in Montgomery county, nine miles west of Crawfordsville. A town was started there called Middletown, but is now called Waynetown. My father built the first house in that place—a hewed-log house. Shortly after, Wm. Wallace built a frame house just across the street. The next to come, was one of the Crawford's from Crawfordsville. He built a commodious hewed log house. Part of it he occupied as a dwelling, and the other part he used for a store-room. He was the first merchant in that place. Jason Thomas lived a little further down the street; he was a blacksmith. He burned his own charcoal, as "stone" coal was not used then. After my father sold out in Parke county, he had to give possession and as the house we were going to occupy at our new home was not completed, we stopped a month in New Discovery. We occupied a cabin on the west side of the farm belonging to my uncle, Hamilton Crooks. The

cabin had puncheon floor. I got a chisel and mallet and decorated several of the puncheons. A few years afterward I had occasion to visit that humble cabin and saw what I did about six



years before. What I had done was not very ornamental but it called back memories of other days.

During our short stay in that cabin, I was sent upon an errand to my uncle, Marsh Cornelisons,

who lived but a short distance away. I met a man in the lane on horseback, who inquired of me if I knew where Doctor Crooks lived, I said to him, "I am Doctor Crooks," and I believed I was. I was then six years old. The man I met was Theodore Fulkerson who became a student of medicine under my father. He often twitted me about my answer. When we started to move to Montgomery county, we went by the way of Lockwood's mill, now Bridgeton, crossed the creek at Mitchell's ford and went on up the Raccoon bottoms to Dickson's mill, now Mansfield. We then went across the country by old Piatts to reach the New Discovery. As we were going up Raccoon valley between Bridgeton and Mansfield an accident happened that I well remember. We had a young dog; it got under the wheels of the wagon and was killed, and I cried about the loss of the puppy. There was no direct route across the country between Bridgeton and New Discovery. A dense forest covered the country between the two places. After stopping in the New Discovery for a month we went to our new home in Montgomery county. Waveland was then a very little place. We stopped there and my mother bought me a little primer.

While living in Middletown, my father had a very extensive practice. He had three students

of medicine, whose names were Brinton Moore, Theodore Fulkerson and — Gordon. Moore and Fulkerson became successful practitioners. The three years we were at Middletown were very long ones to me, for at that age, between six and nine, time seems to pass very slowly. I recollect many little incidents that occurred during that short period. A few of which I will mention. I had a playful and mischievous disposition. I had been allowed to do about as I pleased, and did not mind always when I was spoken to. One day a religious meeting was being held in a grove near the town. I guess I had become a little noisy and was acting somewhat rude. My father bade me be quiet, but I paid no attention to him. I met with check, however, for he punished me severely. It was administered in such a manner that I have never forgotten it. My mother often told me if I did not obey, and be a good boy, that the blackman would get me but it did not seem to alarm me very much. I had never seen a negro. One day an old colored man came riding into the village and he was within a few feet of me before I saw him. I took to my heels and ran for the house as fast as I could, crying at the top of my voice: "The black man has come! the black man has come!" and oh how that old darkey did laugh. I was sure he had come for me.

Monthly meetings of a religious character were held in our town. There was a man from the country who attended them regularly and he wore a very peculiar dress. I wondered why he wore such a costume. He was a middle-aged man, tall with very black, heavy whiskers. His dress consisted of a heavy pair of boots, a red woollen petticoat, a white shirt, vest, a necktie, a Prince Albert coat and a plug hat. His garb was calculated to attract special attention. He had all the appearance of a perfect man. I was too young to know the cause at that time, but he was neither man nor woman.

When I was about eight years old a man came to our house with a violin and they asked him to play. He commenced; never since then has music sounded sweeter to mortal ears than that music did to me; it was the first time I had ever heard a violin and as I walked across the floor it seemed that my feet hardly touched it. Music was not so much practiced then as at the present day. The first time I ever heard songs sung by note two young men came to visit us one evening and they brought their note book with them. The old "Missouri Harmony" was the book used then. They sang several tunes during the evening, and among the songs sung were "Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow," "How Tedious and Tasteless the

Hours," and "Come thou Fount of Every Blessing." This music was very attractive to me and gratified the ear more than most of the fashionable music does now. After three-quarters of a century those tunes are occasionally sung yet.

The tomato so common in use now, at one time was not considered fit to eat. The first I ever saw were called *Jerusalem apples*, and only raised for ornament. At the age of eight years I had learned the names of several medical plants and knew them at sight, and could tell something of their medical properties. I took great delight in gathering them. The students, to fool me, would make up fictitious names for them.

I still imagined in my childish mind that I really was a doctor. One morning a neighbor near by whose name was Mann came and wished my father to visit his daughter Mahala, whom he reported to be quite sick. I thought pretty well of the girl, so, without telling any one, I gathered up a pair of old pill sacks that were empty, put some medical roots into them, and was off to see Mahala before my father got ready to go. On my return the students teased me so that I never after that tried to play doctor.

My father had a very extensive practice. One day he was called to see a boy who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. He was bitten on the foot.

The boy soon got well. I recollect his treatment: He used an herb which the Indians called "Rattlesnake's master." He applied the plant and root made into a poultice to the bite, and steeped the herb in sweet milk and gave it internally. I knew him to treat others that way successfully. Whether it was a sure cure in all cases I am not able to say.

One day I went with him to see a small boy by the name of Mosier who had fallen into a pond of water and was taken out apparently dead. The boy had been stripped of his garment and wrapped up in warm blankets. I saw the boy as he returned to consciousness, and it made me think my father could restore the dead to life. Shortly after this occurrence a boy by the name of Rusk, a playmate of mine, was taken sick and suddenly died. I attended his funeral. My father was absent from home at that time, and I thought if he had been at home the boy would not have died, and I felt very bad.

When I was about eight years old my father made a trip to Cincinnati, Ohio, to purchase drugs, and he brought back with him a box of "Lucifer matches," as they were then called — the first seen in our part of the country. They were first made in 1829. They were a great improvement over punk, flint and steel. They were

wonderful to all who saw them and every person that came must see one lit. One day a lady came and wanted to see the great sight. She took the box on her lap, and drew one through the piece of sandpaper that was used to set them off, and from some cause set the whole box afire. There was as much wood in one match then as there is in a half dozen now.

My first school was at Waynetown. My teacher whose name was Stewart died of consumption a year later; the burying ground was just east of town on a bluff of Coal creek, which ran along the side of it. Stewart said that when he died he wanted to be buried just upon the brink of the hill, so, when he got thirsty, he would be handy to water. Before Mr. Stewart's school commenced, he called at my father's house. Knowing I was going to be his pupil, I called for my spellingbook and repeated the alphabet to him, which my mother had taught me. I was the youngest scholar in that school. Winter came and cold weather also, and I had to stay in the house at noon and the large girls of the school gave me much attention. The house in which the school was taught was a vacated dwelling and about a half mile from town. One evening as I was returning from school there was a deep snow on the ground; the weather was cold and I came

very nearly freezing. I finally got tired of going to school, then mother compelled me to go. I thought if she knew how dearly I loved her, and hated to leave her, she would not have punished me. I also went to school there the next summer.

In 1832 General Jackson was a candidate for president, for the second term. A political meeting was held in our town. This is my first recollection of politics. The Hon. E. A. Hannegan of Covington, Indiana, was a candidate for congress. He stopped at my father's. The next morning he told my mother he must have his breakfast in fifteen minutes, and when the time was up she had it ready. I heard her speak of it often afterwards. Hannegan made a speech and he stood upon a stump by the side of the street, his hearers gathering around it.

Along about this time the Morgan excitement was running high; the Freemasons were accused of murdering him and it entered politics, and the question was often asked; "Are you a Mason or Anti-Mason?" Anti-masonic literature flooded the country, even anti-masonic almanacs were published.

My Sister Lucinda was born in 1832. One very little incident happened when she was only a few days old. I had been out in the rain bare-

headed and came into the house; the water was dripping from my hair as I went to the bed where my mother lay and told her I wanted to see my little sister; she said, "Go away, the water on your hair will drop in the baby's face." This caused me to remember it. One day I went calling on Mrs. Crawford, who lived just up the street. They were eating dinner and invited me to partake and like a child I accepted. They had pickled beets on the table; it was a dish of which I was very fond. I kept helping myself and ate as much as an entire family should eat at one meal. The result was I got sick and was in bed for a week. This was my first sickness that I remember of.

Amos Small, an old gentleman, lived a short distance from town; he was the stepfather of Prudence Hawkins. Prudence came to stay with my mother to assist her. My Uncle Hamilton Crooks was then a young man and was staying with my father. He began paying his attentions to Prudence. The students persuaded me to call her "aunt," which I did. It brought many a blush to her cheeks. After they were married and she had become my aunt in reality, I was ashamed to call her that. For many years after, she would laugh whenever she reminded me of the incident.

CHAPTER III.

WE MOVE.

MY father sold out at Waynetown and in the spring of 1834 he moved to Michigan City. We were a week on the road. We passed through Lafayette on our way which at that time was a small village, and the houses were all wooden structures. A few miles further on we passed over the famous Tippecanoe battle ground. The place still showed signs that a battle had been fought there; the trees themselves bore witness to the fact and a few bones of the horses that were slain in battle still lay scattered over the ground. The graves of the brave men who were killed in the engagement were enclosed by a rude board fence and the names of the most prominent ones were cut upon the boards. Four years later we passed over the same ground; considerable change had taken place in that time.

The next point I remember of passing was Sherwood's ferry on the Kankakee river. There we stopped for the night and crossed on the ferry the next morning. This was something of a novelty to me. The Kankakee was a great river for fish, and some of our party went fishing that night, and I remember we had fish for breakfast

the next morning. After passing the river, the ground was swampy and we had a time passing over it. A wagon would occasionally mire down, a part of the load have to be taken out, the wheels pried up, and the wagon reloaded again; finally, in the afternoon, the swamps were passed and we reached higher ground.

Door Prairie was the next place that I remember we reached, which was late one afternoon. Some Indians came up on horseback. I felt a little alarmed, for they were the first Indians I ever saw. The next day we reached Michigan City. My father had bought a lot, and on it he built a rude hut in which we lived for a short time. He soon afterwards erected a good frame building. Samuel Miller was the principal business man of the place. He was an energetic man, and owned considerable real estate, houses, a store, warehouse, and a schooner, "Postboy." At that time there was no harbor there. Miller had quite an extensive trade with the Indians in the way of furs and cranberries. I often climbed to the top of the big sand hill that was there, just adjoining the town. I often counted the houses from that point and I found there were just forty. The sand hills along the beach were covered with pine trees and huckleberry bushes; wintergreen, sometimes called *mountain tea*, also grew there.

I sometimes gathered huckleberries there, and here was a wild, black-cherry tree or bush called choke-cherries, nice to look at and very tempting to a small boy, but a half-dozen of them when eaten would close up one's throat so completely that it seemed almost impossible to swallow.

The country around Michigan City was new when we lived there; bears would sometimes come into the very edge of the town. One day a man by the name of Bartholomew wounded one, and it crossed over Trail Creek near its mouth. It is said a little dog will bring a bear to bay sooner than a larger one; Bartholomew, hearing we had a little dog, came to get him, and as the dog would not follow him, had me to go along. The trail was easily followed, but we never came in sight of the bear. Raccoons were plenty; my father had a fine "coon dog," he caught fifteen of them once within a week. My father let me go with him one night; I recollect it so well, the air was balmy, and it was a bright moonshiny autumn night, but that hunt was not successful.

I well recollect a little circumstance that occurred while living there. I was the principal actor, and I got the worst of it. My father had a counterfeit half-dollar he had got from some one; I knew it was counterfeit, too. One day I stole it out, took it up town for the purpose of

purchasing some nuts that I was wanting badly. I made the purchase and handed the grocer the spurious coin; he looked at it and passed it over to another man who was present, and said to me, "Where did you get that?" I said, "I got it from my father." He asked me if he had many more like it. I read his very thought, and I felt like I had got myself into a scrape and was in a fair way of getting my father into trouble also. I told him he had no more like it. He said it was counterfeit. I commenced to cry, I felt so ashamed. He handed it back to me, and I stepped to the door and threw it down in the street. A thought came to me that I had better take it back and put it where I found it and I picked it up again. My conscience smote me, but I got punished for my conduct. If I had been encouraged in my meanness, as some children are, I might have done worse, but that was the last time I ever tried to pass counterfeit money.

Here I attended two different schools. The first I attended the teacher's name was McCoy. Trouble arose in the school, I have forgotten what about; part of the patrons withdrew their children. Another school was instituted. My father was induced to send me to the new school. What progress I made I do not remember. The last school I attended I liked the better, but the

teacher's name I have forgotten. I was then nine years old. Chewing gum was used quite extensively in the McCoy school, a thing I had never heard of before; and like a cow chewing her cud, these scholars, many of them, kept their jaws busy masticating it. The pupils manufactured their own gum from the gum that ran out of the pine trees. A notch, making a box, was cut on the side of the tree, and when filled with gum, it was scraped out and boiled in water until all the turpentine taste was extracted. This made quite a fine chewing gum. This is about the only thing I learned at the McCoy school.

I have heretofore spoken of Samuel Miller. He was the great "nabob" of Michigan City then. After his wife died he remained a widower for some time. He was a very handsome man and rich; it was thought that the woman who could capture him would get a prize. Finally, he married, and the couple seemed to be very proud of each other. As he was a splendid looking man, and he thought her, to be a very beautiful woman, they seemed to be fond of viewing themselves in a looking-glass. It may seem incredible, but nevertheless it is true, I have seen that couple, walking side by side, arm in arm along the street, holding a looking-glass before their faces viewing each other. When we left Wayne-

town, Montgomery county Gideon Crooks who was afterwards drowned at Bridgeton, and his Sister Abigail went with us and remained until we left Michigan City. Gideon worked for Miller and made several trips in the schooner "Post Boy" across Lake Michigan. We remained in Michigan City until November 1834 when my father sold out and located in Lake county about twenty-five miles distant. He preempted some land. The land in Lake county had been surveyed, but it had not yet been placed upon the market. Although we lived in Michigan City a little less than a year, it now seems to me to cover several years. The land that my father pre-empted was fine, part timber and part prairie. If he had kept it, and been able to pay for it, it would have made him quite wealthy, but he never cared for riches. He located right in the woods, the country was sparsely settled, our nearest neighbor, Tyler Lozier was two miles away, and the forest which lay between us, as yet had never been molested by the woodsmans ax. Game was quite plentiful, deer would often come near our cabin. I have seen as many as eight in a drove. There was no end to pigeons, ducks and geese. I have often seen sandhill cranes, as many as two dozen out on the prairie all standing in a huddle bouncing and jumping over each other

seeming to have quite a frolic. A great deal of the country was prairie interspersed with groves of timber. Prairie wolves could be seen almost any moonshiny night prowling around, they were too cowardly to attack any one. Along on the marshy lands, muskrats built thousands of houses, very much resembling a hay field with small shocks over it. The Indians were still there; they had sold their lands and were waiting to be removed to lands reserved for them. The Pottawattamie Indians had been owners of that part of Indiana, Ottawas and Chippewas mixed among them. The Indians thought a great deal of my father; when they were sick he doctored them, and they called him "Skuc-kee-innin-ah," which meant medicine man; "Skuc-kee," meant medicine.

In the spring of 1835 my mother was taken down sick, which finally resulted in what was called white swelling. The disease caused ankylosis of the knee joint, and the result was a cripple for life. She suffered untold agony for several months. Often when out from the house some distance I have heard her scream at the top of her voice, her suffering was so great. The remainder of her life she went on crutches; when going about the house she used a chair by placing her knee upon it and taking hold of the top of

the post with her hand she could get about the house quite well. That spring Samuel Miller and my father commenced building a sawmill on Deep-river. Miller sold out his interest in the mill the following year to a man by the name of Harrison. It finally proved to be a failure.

The first pair of boots I ever possessed was bought at Liverpool, on Deep river, four miles from where we resided. Deep river was a small stream at the point where we lived, but where it emptied into the Calumet river it was very deep. In the spring of the year this little stream was alive with fish. My father had a set net. He raised that net every hour in the day and would have all the fish in it he could manage. The river was only a few hundred yards from the house. There was a spring branch running by our dooryard; he constructed a small dam across it, and as he caught the fish he put them in the branch and kept them alive. The water was nice and clear, and it was a beautiful sight to see fifteen hundred or two thousand fish playing up and down that little stream.

The country being new, the first settlers labored under many disadvantages, and if not full-handed, often run short of provisions. In the winter season grain and edibles were scarce. Several times when we lived in Lake county there were

times when we hardly knew where the next meal was to come from; a piece of a young raccoon would be eaten with a relish; lye hominy was a luxury; mills for grinding grain were unhandy, and hunger was a great appetiser. One day I went with my father to a little village some five miles away. He left me at a private house to await his return. A little boy about my age belonging at the house gave me a dish of hominy to eat. I had hominy at home, but this had cranberries in it and I ate it with a relish.

After my mother became a cripple young Nickols and myself had to do housework and we did all needed work under her instructions until she got up about the house. I have done many a hard day's washing. In that new country there were no amusements, no churches to attend, and the three years that we lived in Lake county there were no schools in our part of the county.

In August, 1835, I went with my father fishing one night and lay upon the ground and slept; from that I contracted the ague. The first day I chilled, after the fever came up, I fell asleep and when I awoke in the evening the sun was getting low; everything was very strange; I thought I had slept for two or three days. It troubled me, and I chided my mother for letting me sleep so long. I had great confidence in what my mother said,

but when she told me I had been asleep only about three hours I could hardly believe it. On another occasion, after my ague fit had passed and the fever was raging, (I was not asleep this time) as I lay on my bed, I looked at the floor and was horror struck; I saw snakes without number crawling over it; as I looked upon the walls of the room I beheld them also, moving in every direction, and every place I looked I saw reptiles; finally they were on my bed, I raised up to get out; I again looked on the floor, and I saw by getting out it would not help the matter. I raised up in the bed, fearing to move, and thought my situation deplorable. I became terribly alarmed, for there seemed no way of escape. My mother tried to allay my fears, assuring me there were no snakes in the house. I would say: "Just look there," pointing to the imaginary object, "can't you see them?" She contended there were none, that it was my imagination; this quieted my fears somewhat, but I was not fully satisfied for I could see them by hundreds and wondered why she couldn't. In my imagination I can see them yet. I remember how they looked. As the fever subsided the reptiles all disappeared. A peculiar condition of the organs of the eye, under the excitement of fever certainly produced this optical illusion. If the long continued and excessive

use of spirituous liquors produce the same effect upon the mind, there is considerable room for investigation.

For some months I continued to have the ague every day. One day I missed it. They were building the sawmill at that time, several hands were employed and to every one I met I would say, "I missed my ague to-day." I was a proud boy. My great joy did not last long, for the following day the chill seized me again, and for nearly six months more I chilled every other day. Finally, it left for good, but I never felt as well afterwards as I did before.

In 1836 an election came off and it was held at our house; at that time, there were only voters enough in the township (Ross township I believe) to compose the election board. To fulfill the law, they had to sit there all day on purpose to receive votes. They seemed to enjoy the occasion; were not overworked; joked and told tales; a vote would be taken, the name called by the inspector, and taken down by the clerks. After a while a vote would again be taken and sometime in the afternoon all had voted. In the evening, about the time that the polls should close, the inspector stepped to the door and cried out at the top of his voice; "Oyes! Oyes! if another vote is not received in fifteen minutes, the polls will be

closed." This produced some merriment for they knew there was not another vote in the township. My father was elected Justice of the Peace while residing in Lake county and he was also appointed Associate Judge of the county. County court was held at Crown Point twelve miles distant from where we lived. If my memory serves me right, his commissions were signed by Noah Noble then governor of Indiana.

I think it was in 1837, Samuel Crooks, my father's half brother visited us—he was Gideon Crooks' father. Uncle Samuel came through from Parke county, a distance of 150 miles, on horseback. Saddle bags then were fashionable, and every well-to-do person had them. He brought a pair with him in which to carry his clothing. What makes me remember this circumstance so vividly is that he brought a few apples with him in the bags. They were the first apples I had seen for several years. Cranberries were our only fruit. Uncle gave young Nickols and myself, two or three apiece. They were the best apples I ever tasted, and I never tasted anything that was better or more agreeable to the palate. He kept his saddle bags in a room that was very little used, and every time I entered that room, it seemed that the fragrance of the apples filled it and my nasal organs partook

of the delightful perfume. To use the old homely phrase, they caused my "mouth to water." It took considerable firmness to keep Nickols and I, from filching from the bags where he kept the remainder.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT INDIANS.

AS I have written in regard to the Indians selling their lands, in Lake county but were still there when we lived in that county I will now say something more about them. An Indian boy was my playmate. A white man by the name of James, who had lived with the Indians several years, and become accustomed to their way of living, had married an Indian woman and this Indian boy was his wife's brother. James lived for some time in a wigwam about fifty yards away from our house. This boy and I were together a great deal of the time; I taught him English and he taught me words in Indian and I learned considerable of the Indian language. One day I was sent on an errand to a neighbor two miles away and the Indian boy accompanied me. We were playing along the road, and he accidentally pushed me down and hurt me. He immediately took to his heels and ran back home. I did not see him any more until I got back home. The first thing he did was to give me some fine dried meat. I accepted it, and everything was all right, and all passed off pleasantly as if nothing had happened. An old half-breed

Indian by the name of Crookie staid at my father's off and on for two years. It was reported that he once had a wife who was an Indian squaw; he became jealous of her, and when under the influence of liquor, killed her, by knocking her in the head with a skillet. We did not know how much truth there was in it. He seemed to be a very quiet inoffensive man. He, like all the other Indians, could not be induced to lie upon a bed, but would always lie upon the floor wrapped up in his blankets. The chimney of our house was a "cat-and-clay" structure built of mortar and split sticks. It caught fire one day. My father was away from home, and this old man climbing up to put the fire out, fell, and broke his ribs which hurt him badly, and he was laid up for some time. He wore a peculiar dress; his lower extremities he dressed like an Indian, but he wore a vest, coat and hat. When on a hunting or trapping expedition he wore a belt, in which he carried a tomahawk, a large hunting-knife and had his tobacco pouch tucked under it. His tobacco pouch was his own handiwork. It was made from the skin of a skunk with the bones of the head and the feet left in. It was a fine piece of work, and in it he had different pockets, in which he kept, his tobacco, pipe, punk, flint, steel, and other little necessary articles.

During March and April Crookie trapped and caught a great many muskrats. After removing the hide, he had poles laid upon forks upon which he laid the carcasses, where they dried and got mellow. I have seen as many as one hundred rats on those poles at a time. They seemed to be public property, for if other Indians came along, and they were short of rations, they would help themselves. On one occasion I recollect they set the camp-kettles boiling, took two or more rats, gave them a few raps over a stump to free them of their inhabitants, put them in their kettle, and when they were cooked, and the kettle removed from the fire, they all sat on the ground or otherwise and partook of the repast with a relish, all eating out of the same vessel. As a general thing I think they prepared their meals in kettles by boiling their food. They sometimes broiled their meat over live coals after cutting it into thin slices. They never had a variety of food, and rarely ever had bread, although they were fond of it. In the fall of the year they would go on their hunting expeditions to supply themselves for the winter. Not having salt, they jerked their meat by cooking or drying it over hot coals, then put it down in a vessel and poured hot tallow over it. It kept well that way and was quite palatable.

Their wigwams were cone-shaped, the poles being set in a circular form and brought together at the top, representing an inverted funnel. The poles were generally covered with a matting, made by themselves, the chain made from the bark of trees and the filling of reeds and bulrushes woven together. The squaws did the work, and in quite an artistic manner. An opening was left at the top, the fire built in the center, the smoke escaped through the opening at the top. Their wigwams were warm and comfortable.

Their courtships were brief. If a young Indian became enamored with a young squaw and wished to take her for his wife, the ceremony was very simple: he visits her parents' wigwam, and when the girl retires for the night he goes to her and lays down beside her; if she raises no objection, and he lays with her until morning, they are wedded and by this simple ceremony are declared husband and wife.

A young Indian died near where we lived. He was a great favorite among them. My father constructed a rude coffin and placed the remains in it. They gathered up his little effects and deposited them in the coffin with him and also a little parched corn to supply his wants until he reached the happy hunting ground. They were expecting to take him in a canoe down the river

somewhere to bury him, and waited for a rise in the water in the river. They deposited his coffin on a large brush heap about 200 yards from the house, where it lay for a month, it being in the early spring and the weather being rather cool. On moonshiny nights the coffin as it lay upon the heap could be plainly seen from our door. They waited for a while, but the rise in the river did not come, and he was buried near by on a bluff overlooking Deep river. Their general custom was to bury the body in a grave dug about two feet deep, and lay the body in wrapped in their blankets, and all the property they possessed put in the grave with them.

The Indians made our house a stopping place. My father gave them the privilege of occupying a cabin, in which we had formerly lived. Often, when the Indians came to our house, my mother would give them bread, an article they did not often have. The squaws would come occasionally. We never lost anything by giving them something to eat, for if they killed a deer we got the best of it, always the ham of the venison. There was occasionally a stingy one. I remember one old Indian by the name of Che-gwaw, whose name in English was "Thunder," and another whose name was Car-boon-ka, in our language was "Winter," came occasionally. They were both very

stingy and would let game lie around and spoil rather than give it to any one. The Indians caught a great many muskrats in the winter and spring for their furs. The most successful way they had of catching them was by spearing them when they were in their houses. This they did when the sloughs and ponds were frozen over, in which their houses were built. Three or four Indians, armed with muskrat spears (a spear made for the purpose) would surround the house and at a given word all would drive their spears down through the grass and reeds and other materials of which the house was made. Their nests were made about the center of the house and several rats would sometimes occupy the same house. The rubbish would then be removed around the spears and then they would know what success they had. If the rats were in the house some one or two of the Indians would be sure to be successful. These spears were made of rod iron three-eighth of an inch in diameter and about three feet long, with a handle of wood about the same length. The point of the spear was sharp and had a barb near the end.

I became greatly attached to the Indians. It is always a sad thought to me when I think how badly the poor Indian has been treated by the white race. Compelled to leave behind them

their homes; the graves of their ancestors and to go to a strange land much against their wishes. To my own knowledge I have known them to be swindled by merchants and Indian agents.

In Lake county there were cranberry marshes, and the Indians gathered a great many which they traded to merchants, taking in exchange the commodities they wanted. The merchants in return would not give them nearly what they were really worth. While we lived in Michigan City, though I was quite young, I took notice to it. An old gray-headed Indian woman was trading cranberries for flour, measure for measure. They were measuring it in a half bushel and pouring it in as loosely as possible, but the poor old woman concluding that she would try to get the worth of her berries, ran her hand down in the measure to pack it a little; the fellow yelled out at her at the top of his voice to stop it. And she had to submit to being swindled.

"Po-kim-in" was the Indian name for cranberries; "Quesk-kin" is what they called flour. Samuel Miller of Michigan City furnished my father flour to barter with them for furs, and a small measure holding a little less than a half gallon, is all he allowed him to give for a first class muskrat skin, at that time worth twenty-five cents. An Indian agent by the name of

Young, would sell them whisky and cheat them out of their money. They were fond of spirits, and if the least bit crossed when under the influence of liquor they were dangerous and quarrelsome. One day my father happened to visit one of their camps for some purpose. One of the Indians being drunk, he got into trouble with another; he drew a large hunting knife; stabbed his assailant who fell dead on the spot. The Indian fled and that was the last of it. My father assisted in the burial of the dead Indian, which caused them to think well of him, and thereby gained their friendship. He knew just how to get along with them. I particularly recollect a party of Indians that came, about six of them, and took their quarters in the old cabin. They had just returned from Chicago which was only thirty miles away. The government had just made them a payment on their land, and they went on a spree; one remaining sober. After they began to be gleeful and were singing their songs, I noticed the sober Indian hiding their guns, tomahawks and other weapons. They had a gala time of it, and during the night they burned their blankets, and threw their money, which was silver into the fire. The next morning they sobered up and went away. Nickols, the orphan boy, and myself got a meal sieve and

sifted the ashes, and obtained four or five dollars worth of silver. We felt like we were rich, but our riches soon vanished, for my father returned their money to them when they came again. Some time after this they came back and went on another spree. This spree and the one mentioned were all the times I saw Indians drunk.

A disturbance from some cause arose between two brothers; the eldest, whose name was Cump-shos was a large and powerful man; his brother whose name was Me-guin was a slender and much smaller Indian. The weapons as usual had been hidden, but Cump-shos happened to remember where he had left a muskrat spear by the side of a stump about fifty yards from the house. I have already given a description of this weapon. He got the spear and ran his brother into our house, who came there for protection. He stopped in the middle of the room between two open doors and faced his brother. Cump-shos drew up his spear to strike down his brother, and as the spear was about to descend, my father who was a large man rushed up and seized hold of the spear and arrested the blow. The Indian tried to wrench it out of his hands but he held it fast. I well remember the look, and vicious scowl that was depicted on that Indian's countenance as he turned his eyes upon my father. My father

spoke kindly and persuasively to him, and a change came over the Indian's face, and that revengetul look faded away, and he gave up the spear without further resistance and the trouble seemed to end.

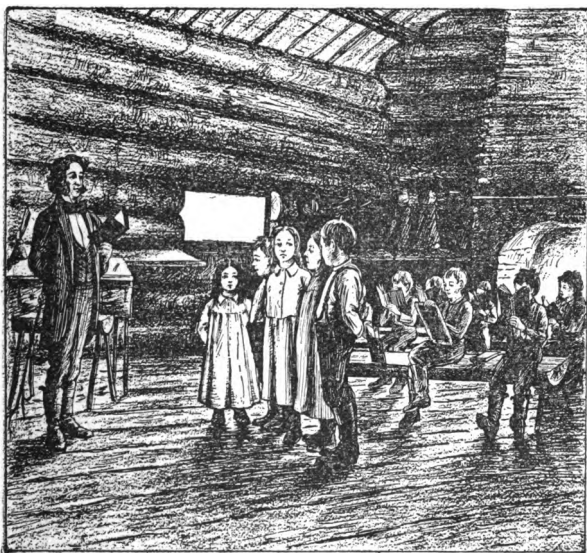
Spirituos liquor has been a terrible curse to the Indian race and the Christianized white man is to blame for it, and no doubt, it is abominable in the sight of God. The Indians were removed from Lake county about the year 1838-9. In the spring of 1838, my father sold out his possessions in Lake county to Samuel Miller of Michigan City for \$1,000, taking in part payment a fine span of horses and spring wagon allowing him \$250 for them and also received from Miller \$500 in gold. This is all my father got as Miller failed a short time afterwards. The horses names were "Paddy, and Jinney" and were beautiful blacks and nicely matched. I forgot to mention in the proper place, that my brother Philo P. Crooks was born in Lake county. Philo Patterson the millwright who built our mill was honored with the name. This brother of mine was murdered in Mississippi in 1894 by a boy who was hunting and trapping with him; he was interred in a cemetery overlooking the Sunflower river.

CHAPTER V.

WE MOVE AGAIN. THE OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL.

IT was in the month of June when we bade farewell to Lake county to return to Parke county, feeling that we were about to return to a land of plenty which we had left seven years before. Those seven years fill, seemingly, quite a lengthy chapter of my life. On our way back, I heard my father remark: "We will soon be where we can have ham and eggs for breakfast," but I thought of the fine fruits that we would have access to. We reached our destination about the first of July, the journey occupying about a week. We camped out, cooked and ate around our campfires; our appetites were sharpened and our frugal meals were enjoyed with a relish. Nothing transpired of any particular interest on this trip. Our route most of the way was over the same road returning that it was going. Changes were perceptible on the Tippecanoe battle-ground, and Lafayette had made great changes also. We got to New Discovery, where we stopped for awhile, visiting relatives, while father looked around for a place to locate. He bought back the same place he had formerly owned, with some additional lands adjoining, where he lived the balance of his

days. He could not get possession until the following March. My father made an arrangement with Louis Bramblet, the father of Mitchell Bramblet, who was then living alone, to occupy



the house with him. The house was situated on the farm of Abel Bell, about a half mile west of our place. We moved there in September. One night while we lived there a mink came and caught an old hen that had chickens. My father said, "I am going to make the old hen catch the mink."

He got a steel trap and set it; took the old hen and fixed her so she stood upright by the trap, and sure enough the next morning the trap had the mink. When the first of March came we moved into our house.

Next fall a schoolhouse was built a few hundred yards west of our house. It was built out of very large hewed poplar logs. The cracks between the logs were chinked, and daubed with lime mortar and smoothed over with a trowel; the chimney was built of brick and the fire place was capable of taking in a back-log six feet long. A long window was made on one side of the house by cutting out a log nearly the whole of it; the window had glass instead of oiled paper. A writing-desk was constructed along under the window; holes were bored with a large auger in the log below and large wooden pins were driven into the holes. A nice smooth plank, about two feet wide was fastened to the pins, which made a fine free-for-all writing desk. Seats or benches without backs were made of slabs ten or twelve feet long with pins driven in for legs. Placed along side of the wall to supply a back made them more comfortable. This house was up-to-date, and answered the purpose nicely. Solomon Beach Garrigus was the first teacher to occupy the new schoolhouse. He got along pleasantly

with the scholars and was a very good teacher. He used the "gad" but little. He was an expert at making a good goosequill pen; they were equal to a gold pen. Steel pens at that time were scarcely known in our western country.

Jonathan Hougham taught our next school; he came from Montezuma. He was a cripple and went on crutches. When he was a child he had a fever and it settled in one of his legs which never grew any afterwards. He was a large broad shouldered man. His rules were strict and he endeavored to carry them out and was a successful teacher. He kept a few switches about five feet long always within his reach; and oh, how he could ply them to the backs of disobedient scholars! as he stood upon a crutch he would seem to tip toe to it. I felt the power of his mighty arm more than once which would leave purple streaks for hours afterward. I got no sympathy at home when I got "licked" and would possibly get another if I complained about it. If he caught any of his pupils whispering or disobeying rules, he would let fly one of his long gads at their feet, girls not excepted, and call out; "Bring that to me." It was very amusing to those who looked on to see three or four children reluctantly carrying out his command, each one being compelled to carry up the gad to the

teacher, the cast-down countenance of each one covered with an expression peculiarly fitted to the occasion. Rather amusing to those who viewed the scene, but very humiliating to the guilty parties. Parents did not object to having their children punished as some do now. They did not listen to the woeful tales told by their children, but would generally repeat the dose if they came home with their complaints.

A man by the name of Corder was our next teacher. He was a Baptist preacher of the old school. He was a fine man and got along pleasantly with his pupils.

The next teacher's name was Royce. When not teaching, he attended Asbury college at Greencastle. He was studying for the ministry. His custom was to close his school every evening with prayer. This was not appreciated very highly by the scholars and occasionally some little thing would occur, or a break made by a juvenile that would cause some merriment.

A man by the name of Mannors, a law student from Rockville, came next. A new department was instituted at that school; a grammar class was formed. Kirkham's grammar was the book used. Joseph McFarland, Susan, his sister, and myself constituted the class. Grammar had never been taught in our district before. Some of the patrons

thought that it should not be taught in our common schools and also that Mannors took up too much time with the grammar class. He did not draw a very tight rein on his scholars and allowed his pupils more privilege than some thought he should and they began to object. A school meeting was called and the teacher was informed that his services were no longer needed.

A new schoolhouse had just been built a mile southeast of Bridgeton, before there was any town there, called the Clear Run schoolhouse. Benjamin McFarland, the father of Joseph, was very much out of fix over the dismissal of Mannors and arranged with him to teach the Clear Run school, and induced my father to send me. I walked two miles and a half every morning to attend it. At this school I made more progress than any time before. I attended two schools taught after that, in that house, one by Justin Wilkerson and the other by Mr. Boland, of Clay county. James Harlan, who was afterwards elected United States Senator from Iowa, and also appointed Secretary of the Interior under Abraham Lincoln, taught the last common school that I attended. He was a man that I greatly esteemed. He, also, was any Asbury student and was preparing himself for the ministry. Debating schools were popular then and were held at the school-

houses in the neighborhood. Harlan was a good speaker. Colonel Jephtha Garrigus, an old gentleman of the neighborhood, who was a hot politician, and differed with Harlan, often urged Harlan to debate on some subject with him. His answer was that his college professors advised him not to engage in political discussions. After James Harlan had finished his course in college he married and emigrated to Iowa and preached for six months, I have been told, during which time he received fifty dollars for his services. He found out that he could not support his family on so small an income, so he then turned his attention to politics and was successful. These circumstances have often recalled to my mind the answer he gave to Colonel Garrigus.

The advantages derived from schools then were limited and very different from those secured now. These were all the schools I ever attended excepting a grammar and geography school taught by Mr. Spencer of Terre Haute. His school was held in the basement of the first M. E. Church. He was the author of the grammar he taught. His mode of teaching geography was partly done by singing it; which, if taught in connection with the present mode, would advance a student in that study much faster. This mode of teaching I used myself. After attending the Spencer schools

one Allen Redfield and myself formed a partnership and engaged in teaching that system, and took up a school at Prairieton, south of Terre Haute. The book used was *Olney's Geography*. We laid in a supply of those atlases, buying them at Child's bookstore, on the southwest corner of the public square in Terre Haute. He let us have them on credit. After engaging in the school I got homesick, and left the school in the charge of Redfield. He pocketed the money for the tuition and from the sale of the books, and never paid for them. I never saw Redfield afterward. Sometime after this I received a statement of the account for the books. I was not yet of age; my father paid the debt and that was the last of it.

The first schools I attended were taught by subscription; public money not being provided. Three months during the winter was about all the school we had each year. Arithmetic was the highest branch taught—Pike's and Smiley's were the books used; blackboards were unknown. The pupil would cipher, as we called it, until he got "stuck," then go to the teacher with his book and slate, point out the problem to be solved, and the obliging teacher would work out the example and often pass it back to the pupil without giving an explanation. I was kept in the elementary spelling book, without any other branch of study, for

some time, until I became thoroughly disgusted with it, and valuable time was lost. My father contended with me that I ought to become a good speller in the first place, which was well enough, but after I began several other branches I had something to divert my mind, a new field was opened up; I took an interest in my work and I made much advancement.

My schoolboy days from the age of thirteen up to the time I was eighteen years of age, were the happiest of my life. Many little happenings occurred a few of which I will mention, although they may not interest the reader; to me, they are little memories of the past recorded on the tablets of my memory.

During the school term, Christmas times were treasured up in the minds of the children who looked forward for the time to come with great expectations. The teacher was expected to treat his scholars. The occasion was talked of pro and con; threats were made what would be done in case of failure. When the treat came it generally consisted of apples and cider; later, candy and oranges. The Rev. Ira Mater informed me that, at one school he attended, when the teacher was barred out he told the scholars if they would let him in he would treat. Two boys were sent after it and when they returned they had a two gallon

jug swung on a pole between them ; this ludicrous thing caused the whole school to roar out with laughter. The teacher ordered the scholars to lay up their books and be seated. A cup of the juice, which was whiskey, was passed along the line twice and none of them were "mincey." He then told them the day was theirs and they took it. There was a number of visitors from other schools and in all there were about fifty persons present. The snow on the ground was a slush. Each one was ordered to make five snowballs; two captains divided the crowd, and battle lines were formed about twenty paces apart; when all were ready, the word was given to charge. Some fell by the way, for the school was gloriously drunk, and many funny things occurred. Two girls got into a "scrap," and there was a little hair pulling. The teacher came very near getting into trouble over it. Such occurrences as this were not common. A teacher in our immediate neighborhood was urged on to treat, but he refused to do so. They gave him to understand that if he did not, they would take him to the creek and give him a cold bath, but he held out. They went to the creek cut a hole in the ice, and took him to the place, but he was firm and refused. They did as they said they would; but they failed to make him treat and had their trouble for nothing.

The first school I attended the scholars were allowed to read and spell out loud during the study period, if they wished. I believe the last school where that was allowed was taught by Solomon B. Garrigus. After the classes had recited he would say: "You can now study your spelling lesson." Then bedlam would begin, each one trying to excel the other in the noise they were creating. When Justin Wilkerson was teaching at Clear Run, a little matter happened of which I was the central figure. One morning I was the first to arrive at the schoolhouse, and like boys now, I must find something very unnecessary to do; I wrote an inscription over the door facing, "Whatever man has done, man may do." After the teacher came he saw the writing, and asked who did it. The scholars named me out. He read the sentence over and over and said, "Men have whipped boys and they will do so again." I expected to be punished for it. He said, "I will let it pass this time," but compelled me to erase it.

School exhibitions were my delight. Some teachers would allow us to use a portion of the afternoon on Fridays to practice our "pieces." My memory was good, and in a dialogue I always chose the longest part. With great anxiety I would look forward to the last day of school, which was always hailed with great delight by me.

CHAPTER VI.

EARLY DAYS.

WHEN I was between twelve and fifteen years of age boys were allowed but few privileges, and should I get the consent of my parents to visit a neighbor boy and be allowed to stay over night, the visit would be hailed with great delight. After we had accomplished many tasks that were given us, in a satisfactory manner, we were allowed, about once a year, a week's visit to our relatives who lived in New Discovery. I had a host of uncles, aunts and cousins. I liked so well to visit there; the Balls, Cornelisons, Crooks and Johnsons and Aunt Polly Moore all living close together. Aunt Polly was my mother's oldest sister. It took a week to visit all of them, and this was a gala week with me. One time I got to visit them under very different circumstances from usual. In the fall of the year my father would hire a man to drag up a lot a large logs into the dooryard, to be cut up into firewood during the winter. One day I was cutting on one of the logs. Standing on the ground, I would cut the log half off, into the proper length. I called on my father to assist me to turn the log over, in order to finish cutting the blocks off. When the log

was turned over to the proper position I blocked it with a chip. Through my carelessness I got one of my little fingers between the log and the chip, and my finger was caught. I cried out with pain; my father, discovering the trouble, lifted the log and released my finger; my finger was flattened and nearly torn off. I held it up and said, "See what you have done," but he was not to blame for the accident. The result was, I got to visit my New Discovery relatives. Although I had a very sore finger, the week was spent very pleasantly.

I went often to mill where Bridgeton now is, to get grain ground into breadstuff. We took both corn and wheat, but usually it was corn, as wheat was not plenty. The trips were made a horse-back. Mounted on a sack laid across the horse's back, away I went, looking very much, I imagine, like a toad on a "tussock."

The mill was owned at that time by James Searing and stood where the present one now stands, but it lacked a great deal of being such a structure as the present one. The building was small and built entirely out of logs, and only one set of buhrstones which were used to grind both corn and wheat. There was but little machinery in the mill, yet it answered the purpose. One day I was going to mill and I let my sack fall off, and

I was too small to get it back on the horse. I tried hard, but failed; I was in a predicament; the only way left was to wait until some person came along who could place it back. Another time when I went there to mill, our dog went with me, and the horse got loose, and in looking around, I found both horse and dog missing. I started in pursuit of the horse and when I got to Clear Run, just on the hill where the Methodist Episcopal church now stands, I caught up with the horse, and the dog was there also. The bridle rein had got down and the dog was standing in front of the horse holding the bridle rein in his mouth. This clever act of the dog caused me to remember it.

My parents were strict and the rod was not spared. A leatherwood patch was near and I was a frequent visitor to it. When I was sent, I knew what was pending when I returned. I was punished sometimes, I thought, for very small offenses when a little moral lecture would have answered much much better. The depravity which belongs to the human race was in me, and when I think of the little mean things I was guilty of that my parents never knew, I am satisfied that I never got a lick amiss. I felt that my intentions were good but I would often step aside.

I once let my appetite get away with my good

intentions. We had a dear, good old neighbor by the name of James Crabb, a member of the M. E. Church, and a very devout Christian. Meetings were held at his house from my earliest recollection, and I often attended them. I have often seen them hold what they called "love feasts," at his house, as there was no house of worship in the neighborhood. The feast consisted of bread and water. It was the custom in former times to hold meetings at private houses. That was when religion was rated at 100 per cent. As it looks now, I can see that we boys must have annoyed that good old man many times and we thought nothing of it. We were continually rambling over his place, appropriating his wild plums to our use, and committing many other little offences. He had a watermelon patch near his house in the edge of his cornfield; several of us boys stole his melons. My conscience hurt me a little, but the love of melons counterbalanced it. One day that melon hunger came upon me, and I concluded to visit his melon patch alone. I slipped cautiously up through the cornfield, arriving at the edge of the patch. That day the old gentleman saw me. I had got down on hands and knees, steering for a melon that lay close to the edge of the patch, but I spied him coming, and arose to my feet and ran away as fast as I

could, but I heard him say, "You have taken nearly all my melons now." These words ring in my ears yet. Being alone that time, I felt that all the melons stolen from that patch would be credited to me, though others were as guilty as myself. My appetite was completely satisfied for that day, and I felt like I never wanted melon again. After I had got some distance away and out of sight I began to see how mean I had acted; my conscience was terribly smitten. Stopping short, I raised my hand above my head and made a solemn vow before God, and said, "I will never be guilty of such a deed again," and I kept my word. My father never got to hear of it; for the good old man, to my knowledge, never told it.

I was taught to do all kinds of work on a farm. Flax was a very necessary crop, and nearly all the farmers grew it; it helped to supply the family with material from which to make clothing. I have pulled flax, threshed off the seed, and spread it out on the ground to rot, where it lay until the bark on the stems was ready to slip from the stem, took it up, put it into bundles and when winter came took it to a flaxbrake, an implement made to break up the stems ready for the swingling board where the stems were all knocked out with a wooden knife made for the

purpose, and made ready for the hackle and the flax and tow were separated and ready for the spinning-wheel to be spun into thread then woven into linen. This part of farming is followed no more in our part of the country.

I do not remember any time during my life when I did not have drugs and medicines about me, and know something of their properties, and from my earliest recollections my mind ran in that channel. At the age of sixteen I begun to read medicine at odd times. I had to labor; my father was not very full handed; when I was not engaged at home I was hired out to work, sometimes at Abel Bells or at my Uncles Thomas and Hamilton Crooks. My father was a man that never craved riches. He had his faults, but possessed many good qualities. He was not an educated man, never saw the inside of a medical college, but was a man of good judgment and a very successful practitioner. He had many friends among the poorer classes and no matter how poor the people were he would administer to their wants. It always seemed to me he gave poor people better attention than those who were able to pay him for his services; consequently he remained a poor man until the day of his death. He never was able to send me to college, although he would have liked to have

done so, and I never received anything but a common-school education.

I never thought it degrading to have to toil with my own hands, for Solomon, the wise man, said, "Whatever the hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

During my boyhood days I was not allowed to go when I pleased as boys are now. When I was 18 years of age I had been thrown into society but little, and knew but little of the world. Amusements, though frivolous, were a rare treat to my inexperienced mind, and gayeties would absorb the mind with wonderful avidity. About that age I was invited to a wedding. Henry Hawkins, the brother of Aunt Prudence Crooks, was to be married to Miss Margaret Kapper. When the time arrived, I was among the invited guests. Quite a number of young people were in attendance. I was backward and did not know how to act. When the evening shades appeared the room was cleared and an old-fashioned play was introduced. I had never seen anything of the kind before. A young lady and gentleman commenced marching across the floor and began singing a song and the words were:

"We're marching down towards Old Quebec, the
drums are loudly beating,
America has gained the day, and the British are re-
treating;

The wars are all over, and we'll turn back to the place
where we first started,
We'll open the ring and choose another in to relieve
the broken hearted."

When the song was sung another couple was chosen and they marched and counter marched as the song continued, and so on until several couples were chosen. I did not participate in the performance, but I was completely carried away. That scene was as grand to me at that time as "Black Crook" would be to me now, with its gorgeous scenery and the ballet girls in their brilliant attire, executing their fancy evolutions. This was the introduction to such pleasures in which I often indulged afterwards. I became an adept in that business and committed twenty-five different ballads suited for such occasions.

Dancing finally superseded plays. Religious people were much opposed to this amusement. The different figures that I was first acquainted with were called "reels" afterwards quadrilles or cotillions, and following them came round dances. This harmless recreation was greatly enjoyed by me. It seems to me that young people enjoyed themselves more then, when together, than now, and the music sounded sweeter when such tunes as "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Opera reel," and that class of music was played than the fashionable

music does now. Of course music was not so much practiced then, as now, nor was the ear so well educated. Plays and dances followed weddings, wood choppings and quiltings and sometimes log-rollings.

I have in mind a very amusing circumstance that came under my observation that occurred at a little gathering away back in the forties. Captain James Payne, an old gentleman, at that time lived about two miles east of Bridgeton; he was an old Virginian, and he concluded to move back to his native state. Before his departure, he concluded to invite some of his friends and young people to his house to a dance, for a farewell parting. I was among that number. He invited the Phelon boys. Mr. Phelon lived about a mile and a half away. The old gentleman and lady were rigid members of the M. E. Church, and were much opposed to dancing. Religious people were more opposed to dancing then than now. The very sight of a fiddle to a few, was horrible; a sinful and wicked instrument; it was looked upon as the abode of the King of the Bottomless Pit and those who tripped the light fantastic toe to its alluring music were near the abode where "Old Clubfoot" was anxiously awaiting their arrival in order to treat them to a brimstone bath.

The time had arrived for Mr. Payne's party.

Aunt "Sally" Phelon objected to her boys going as she knew there would be a dance but Alec, one of the boys, slipped off and went. Night came on and Aunt Sally became very uneasy, and told her son William who was two years older, that he must go and bring his brother home. William was a quiet and inoffensive young man and one that could be trusted, so he went to gratify his mother's wishes. After arriving there William forgot himself. Nine o'clock came but no tidings from the boys. Aunt Sally became impatient for her patience had been sorely tried and she appealed to "Uncle Billy," her husband, and said he must go after the boys. The obliging husband to relieve the mind of his wife, started for Payne's. It was now 10 o'clock; on arriving at the place he entered the house and at first seemed to be somewhat irritated, Captain Payne met him at the door and in his own old Virginia style said he was glad he came, and bade him a hearty welcome. Everybody was having a good time and the Phelon boys among the balance. Whatever were Uncle Billy's feelings at first, he soon became very much interested himself; time rolled rapidly on. The old lady at home for a time was forgotten; morning came and the trio left for home, and when they arrived, the sun was just peeping above the horizon. I was informed that

the old lady sat up all night, but no one ever knew the reception they received at the hands of the old lady.

About the time I became my own man Mitchell Bramblet, of Raccoon township, was married. This was his second marriage. He was wed to Susan Marks, a daughter of John Marks, who lived two miles north of Bellmore, in Parke county. The young people of both sections were invited. The wedding was largely attended. There was a dance at night. The next day we all accompanied him to his "infair" sixteen miles distant, each young man taking a partner. Jacob B. Miller at that time lived three miles southwest of Bridgeton; he promised Bramblet an "infair" dinner if he would get married. At that time there were very few vehicles in our part of the country, and on horseback was about the only way people traveled. If a fellow was going to church and his girl had no horse he thought nothing of taking her up behind him on his horse. We started for the "infair" in couples, on horseback, the bride and groom leading the way. There were about twelve couples; we made quite a display, and people along the road that did not know of the wedding wondered what such a cavalcade meant. When we arrived within about one-half mile of our destination, we were discov-

ered coming; directly we saw a man in full gallop on horseback. We discovered it to be Miller, and when he arrived at the head of the procession he called a halt. He held in his hand an old-fashioned quart bottle full of cherries and whiskey, which he passed along the line for all to drink. I have forgotten whether the ladies participated or not, but the male portion lowered the contents of the bottle considerably. A splendid dinner was in waiting for us on our arrival, and after it was served the crowd dispersed.

Another custom that prevailed fifty years ago I will mention: On Christmas eve, after nightfall, one or two persons would start out for some fun, with their guns heavily loaded. They would slip up to a neighbor's house and discharge their guns to surprise the inmates. The party would then be invited in, treats would be served, pies and cakes, apples and cider would be brought out, and often whiskey. There would be a merry-making and all would have a good time. It was a custom to press in that neighbor, and start out to salute the next neighbor, and so on, until late in the night, and all would disband and go to their homes. I thought this great sport.

Our part of the country was densely timbered. It was several years before the trees could be taken off the land, and log-rollings was a great necessity.

Every one had logs to put into heaps, so it stood each one in hand to assist his neighbor. A man that did not cheerfully help on such occasions was not considered a good neighbor and was sometimes bothered to get help in time of need. After the trees were "deadened" for a year or so, the trees were cut down, and "niggers" were put upon them, ten or twelve feet apart. What is meant by "niggers," is that fires were built on the tree body and "chunked" night and morning until the logs were burned in two. By this means labor was lightened. The labor of log-rolling was very hard, and it took generally about a month in the spring of the year to get around, but the sturdy pioneer treated it as a spring holiday season. The jug was always present, but it was a rare thing to see a man intoxicated; every one was cheerful and in a good humor, and many jokes were passed. To assist in making the work go off lively two captains were chosen, two companies formed, the territory divided, and the race commenced to see which side would first complete the work. Abel Bell, our neighbor, was the life of such occasions, and was continually playing some prank on his near neighbors. John Blue, an uncle of his, a good pious old man who lived near by, had set a day to have his logs rolled. He had laid in the whiskey a day or two before, and had deposited

it for safe-keeping under his bed. Bell went to the trouble of getting the neighbors together the night before the day set for the logs to be rolled, and they rolled Uncle Johnnie's logs. After the family had gone to sleep he entered the house and stole out the keg of whiskey. Next morning when the Blues arose and went out they discovered that some one during the night had rolled their logs. They found an empty whiskey cask sitting on a log heap near by. They knew very well who perpetrated the joke.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCERNING SEVERAL THINGS OF MORE OR LESS INTEREST.

MY brother, Dr. Jacob H. Crooks, was born in Raccoon township, Parke county, in our old homestead, February, 1839. I was then fifteen years old. One year then was as long, seemingly, as three years are now. The year 1840 was a memorable one. The Whig party had nominated Gen. Wm. Henry Harrison for President. They carried things high, and the Democratic party seemed to have no enthusiasm. The Whigs had great campaign meetings, thousands flocking to them. They went in great processions; huge wagons were mounted with log cabins, cider barrels, canoes, miniature ships and a raccoon. The banners and devices were innumerable. Whiggery was set to music and they gloated over the fact that Harrison had once lived in a log cabin and made use of it to influence the common people to vote for him. There were many doggerel rhymes which seemed to be born of the hour, and exactly suited for the occasion. One of the songs ran something like this:—

“Round log cabin, puncheon floor;
Mud daubed cabin, clapboard door;

(6)

Pure hard cider, Johnnie cake ;
Wooden spoons and pewter plates.
It's all we want and all we crave,
While we stay on this side of the grave."

The campaign of 1840 was one to long be remembered.

When I was fifteen years old I purchased my first coat with my own earnings. I bought the goods of N. B. Smock and Simeon Cole who kept a small store located just at the foot of the hill in Bridgeton several years before there was a town. Ginseng was quite plenty at that time, and I dug enough of the root at twenty-five cents a pound to pay for the material.

Mark Williams and James Searing owned the grist mill and saw mill at that time. It was rather a central point, and people from the surrounding country would gather in there on public days and Saturdays, to attend to such business as they had, and exchange the current news of the day. Whiskey was sold there and could be bought for twenty-five cents a gallon, and often some of them would take too much. Fights were nothing uncommon. The place got a bad name, and was known far and near as Sodom. A man by the name of Ousley bought the mill and ran it awhile. Then James M. Mullikin and a Dr. Ketchum bought it. They tore down the

old fabric and put up a large flouring mill and did an extensive business with it. They also kept a general store. Mullikin was quite an enterprising man and succeeded in having a bridge built across the creek, and also got a postoffice located there, and called the town Bridgeton. Up to this time there was only one postoffice in the township, located in the southwest corner, called Galatin. Col. Jeptha Garrigus was the postmaster. The first letters I ever received were directed to that postoffice. Not until 1852 was the James Searing addition to Bridgeton laid out in lots and sold.

In 1841, the times were exceedingly hard and the election of General Harrison had not improved them. I knew a man that was sued for a debt amounting to only twenty-five cents. Before it was paid the principal and costs amounted to several dollars. Money was hard to get. A "long bit" a Spanish coin worth 12½ cents looked to me as big as a cart wheel.

I recollect well the day that General Harrison was inaugurated President of the United States. The 4th of March was a dark dreary day; it had snowed the night before and there was about six inches of snow on the ground and everything was clothed in white, yet a sombre dullness seemed to overshadow everything. Alexander Maines had

rented my father's sugar camp, which was about a quarter of a mile from the house. He had "stirred off" sugar the evening before and had left a part of it in the kettles. I concluded to go up there and get some sugar to eat. It was about one o'clock in the day. While I was in the camp, I heard a low, doleful sound like distant thunder which was heard by many over the country and superstitious people believed that it foretold the death of the chief magistrate which the nation was called upon to mourn a month thereafter.

In 1842 I attended school and worked upon the farm. In February, 1843, a man by the name of Beauchamp was hung for murder at Rockville, our county seat. This is a day long remembered by me; it was a cold day and snow was on the ground. A ten-mile ride on horseback and not very warmly clad, with young Nickols on behind me, was anything but pleasant. The execution was performed in public, and many people, old and young men, were there. Log-heaps were built around near the place of execution and set afire that the people might warm. Beauchamp in a fit of passion had killed a man. As he took the man's life that way, people had some sympathy for him. The execution of a man is not a very pleasant sight.

In the following year, 1844, the presidential

year came around again. The times were serious. The fun and frolic of 1840 had borne no fruit, and the campaign of 1844 promised to be a struggle for principle. The fight was more ably if not more hotly contested than any preceding national struggle. James K. Polk, of Tennessee, was nominated. He was scarcely known and was a great surprise. The question was asked, "Who the devil is Polk?" The Democrats soon rallied. pokestalk and pokeberries soon became the emblems of the party, and were frequently seen hung up in front of shops and dwellings which told how the inmates would vote. The annexation of Texas was the main question. I attended a great barbecue, which was held on the hill one mile west of Mansfield. The land at that time was owned by Austin M. Puett. The celebration was held on the hill just back of his house. Daniel Miller is the present owner. Joseph A. Wright, of Rockville, was the speaker and his speech was in favor of annexation. They had a genuine barbacue; trenches were dug in the ground about four feet wide and eighteen inches deep, filled with wood and burned to a coal; an ox and a pig were roasted whole over the fire. A sumptuous feast followed, and all were happy. The Rockville brass band was in attendance. They came in a two-horse wagon; their arrival

caused quite a stir in the crowd. They alighted from the wagon and played a piece in the road. A pole was raised near the top of the hill, and as the flag was run up the band formed around the pole and played "Hail Columbia." To the best of my recollection, this was the first brass band I ever heard. The whole thing was a magnificent affair. I had not attained my majority but I was in favor of annexation. Campaign songs were again sung. The tune of "Old Dan Tucker" had just been introduced, and was very popular. One campaign song had been written to suit this tune and these were the words of the first stanza:

"On Polk and Dallas we'll unite,
Because their principles are right;
High on that tree that same old coon,
A singing to himself this tune,
Get out of the way you're all unlucky,
Polk will come it over old Kentucky."

August 4th, 1844, my Sister Mary E. who afterwards married F. M. Nevins, was born. On the 4th of June that year was my first trip to Terre Haute. I went in company with others to the execution of Henry Dyas, hanged for a murder of which I shall speak hereafter. Terre Haute at that time was quite a small town; the most of it was situated around the public square. The town was full of people. One particular thing which

impressed me was, that when I met people on the street, they would pass me by unnoticed. I had always been used to speaking to persons when I met them. A report was circulated that a man would jump from the top of the courthouse at 3 o'clock that evening; many tarried to see it but it was nothing but rumor. The execution of Dyas did not occur that day; the governor had respited him for a month. To prevent the execution on a national holiday, the date was fixed at July 5th. This caused me to make the second trip to Terre Haute.

He was the first man hanged in Vigo county. It being the first death penalty ever inflicted by the law in that county. Naturally there was great interest manifested by the people who lived in the surrounding counties and even in Illinois; farmers with their families flocked in to see the execution in great numbers. The crowd was estimated at several thousand that came to witness the last scene in the dark tragedy, Dyas being the central figure. The gallows was erected at the foot of Strawberry Hill, the selection was good for it afforded a fine view of the execution. The prisoner rode from the jail at the corner of Third and Ohio streets to the gallows in an open wagon, seated on his coffin. At his own request he wore

a white shroud. The music for the occasion was the fife and drum; Stephen G. Burnett was the fifer and a Mr. Davis the drummer. An eager crowd followed to the place of execution. The noose not being properly adjusted, his neck was not broken by the fall; he was slowly strangled to death.

The murder for which Dyas was hanged was the most horrible and unprovoked crime ever committed in the state. It occurred in the fall of 1843, and the scene of the crime was in the log cabin of old Mrs. Brady, situated one mile northeast of Grant, near the old Brooks mill, on Otter creek. Mrs. Brady was a notorious character in the sparsely-settled neighborhood, and with a daughter who bore as hard a reputation as her mother, kept a low place where liquor was sold, and where midnight carousals were held. This low den was a favorite resort for all the "tough" characters for miles around, and among them Henry Dyas, who stood exceedingly high with the mistress. One Saturday night in October, 1843, Mrs. Brady had a quarrel with George Brock, an Illinois cattle drover who had been stopping at her house for several days. He refused to pay a bill for whiskey which the old woman claimed he owed her. She used violent language and made threats to take his life. Next morning

Brock saddled his horse to return home, and went into the house to bid them all good-bye, and this caused him to lose his life. While seated at the fireplace, in conversation with one Alexander Mars, Dyas entered the room, Brock not being aware of his presence. Dyas struck him in the back of the head with the blade of an axe he carried. Mars noticed the entrance of Dyas, but did not suspect his murderous design. He fled from the house as soon as he witnessed the fatal blow. When Brock's body was found it was discovered that he had been struck three times with the axe, one blow completely severing the spinal column. Either of the blows was sufficient to cause death. Dyas fled to the woods as soon as he did the bloody work. Mrs. Brady, when Mars fled from the house, told him that no harm should be done to him, but this did not satisfy him; he hid himself in the trunk of an old tree, and from his hiding place he saw Mrs. Brady emerge from the house and change the dress she wore, which was covered with blood, for a clean one. She then gave the alarm, and soon a large crowd had assembled.

The night after the murder Dyas was taken into custody. Mars was the only witness to the brutal crime and on his testimony Dyas' conviction was secured. Mars lived several years after-

ward at the old Smock homestead near Fort Harrison. Asa Fenton's name was always mentioned with the crime, but nothing was proven against him at the trial; during the time the trial was going on, he went crazy and remained in that condition until the day of his death, some twenty years later, and this fact caused considerable comment. Old Mrs. Brady and her daughter did not let the grass grow under their feet in leaving the country. Several months after, it was reported that the old woman had been hanged by a mob, in one of the southern states for murder. The people of Nevins township breathed easier after their departure.

The year of 1845 I attended school and read medicine. The year of 1846 was a memorable year to me. On the 26th day of October I became of age, but I did not feel that my obligations to my parents had ceased; I felt that it was still my duty to assist them. In August I commenced making apple and peach brandy for Abel Bell who had a great many apples. Copper stills were the kind and, it did not take me long to learn the *modus operandi* of making the article. The distillery stood in front of his house near the road. The water for the flake stands came from the spring in troughs. I attended closely to business, and from August to the last day of Decem-

ber, 1846, I never let the fires go down until after 12 o'clock each night. During that fall and winter I manufactured nineteen barrels of apple and one of peach brandy. It was of fine quality, and my father was to share equally with Bell.

During the month of April, a man by the name of J. W. Trensaw, came into the neighborhood with his show, and induced me to join him. His show consisted of marionettes and legerdemain, at which he was a good performer. We traveled over the north part of the state; the show was fairly successful, and I cleared a little money. I was absent from home until July. Mail facilities were not very good, and as I was continually changing from place to place, I never heard from home during that time. On my arrival at home, I discovered that one of the family was missing; on inquiry they told me, the youngest of the household was dead, Sarah my little sister had passed away on the 15th of May, a month and a half before my return. She was eighteen months old. I felt sorrowful over the loss of the little one.

In the fall of 1848 Walker Adams, Lewis Miller, John R. Miller, and my uncle Thomas Crooks sold their hogs to a firm in Madison, Indiana, as they could get more for them than in the home market. I and my cousin Samuel Pyles engaged

to help drive their hogs through to Franklin, Indiana, from there to be shipped by rail to Madison. We went through Greencastle, Stilesville, and crossed White river somewhere in Morgan county. We were nine days on the road; it rained part of the time making the trip disagreeable. We usually stopped for the night at some farmhouse on the way, tired, muddy and wet to the skin; after supper was over, the incidents of the day were recounted and we would hang up our clothes to dry and retire for the night to rest for the drive next day.

The railroad, the first one in Indiana, was built and finished in 1847 from Indianapolis to Madison. We arrived at Franklin late in the evening and I was eager to see the train in motion. Next morning the cars came in and these were the first locomotive and cars I ever saw. My cousin and myself wishing to visit relatives in Ohio; took the train that day for Madison, and this was my first ride on the cars; we thought it grand. Arriving at Madison that evening, we found a steamboat ready to start for Cincinnati, Ohio. On it we took passage and arrived at Cincinnati the next morning. After getting our breakfast, we started on foot for Oxford, Butler county, Ohio, a distance of thirty-three miles. Along in the day it set in raining and we did not

reach Oxford until the next day. Our uncle, John Johnson, lived four miles out. We reached his place in the afternoon, footworn and sore. After making our visit, we returned to Cincinnati and on over the same route we traveled going but we were particular not to tramp it back to Cincinnati.

My sister Sarah was born August the 10th of that year. Musters along about that time were kept up and I thought it was a great treat to attend them. It was a custom for some fellow to have a barrel of sweet cider on tap and a supply of ginger bread for sale; it got the name of "Hoosier bait," and caught many a hungry boy. In the year of 1847 I gave more attention to the study of medicine than formerly, and during the months of September and October there being much sickness, I was called upon to treat several cases of malarial fever. I did not consider myself very well qualified but I succeeded remarkably well, for out of eighty cases I treated I lost none. Some people thought that I was quite a physician, but I knew my knowledge for treating diseases was a little over-estimated by the people; my bump of self esteem was not greatly developed, and I came to the conclusion that I would not practice medicine until I became better qualified.

In 1848 the Mexican war came on and volun-

teers were called for. My mother was very fearful lest I might take a notion to go, but I had no thought of doing so; I was well aware of the dangers and privations that it would bring. A few of my acquaintances went, some of whom never returned. A funny circumstance happened, which I think I will relate. Jesse Posey, a man with whom I was well acquainted, enlisted. He was very eccentric, and by nature ill favored. He had lost an eye, and no one could extol his beauty. The orderly sergeant, the first time that he called the roll, miscalled his name and pronounced it "Pos-sy," to which he would not answer. Some one present corrected the orderly's mistake and called it Posey. To this he answered by drawling out, "Here," with a grunt. The orderly looked up to see where it came from and remarked, "And a d—d looking posey you are, too."

CHAPTER VIII.

MATRIMONY, MASONRY AND MEDICINE.

I N 1849 I again engaged in the show-business with Trensaw and was out four months. I was now twenty-three years old. I thought it would be best for me to settle down, and pursue the vocation that I had chosen. I thought the best way to do this was to get married. On the 13th day of January, 1850, I was united in marriage to Sarah Jane Ward. We were married at the residence of Col. Jephtha Garrigus, who at that time was Justice of the Peace. I was very poor, and began soon to realize my poverty. My worldly possessions were one horse and a few dollars. We lived in the house with my father. My wife had no means, we did not even have a bed of our own. I studied, farmed and practiced medicine a little. I determined to make a success, and rigid economy was adopted. I was called upon by persons that I was not acquainted with, for medicine or to make a visit, and they would find me out in the field at work, sometimes barefooted and with my pants rolled up to my knees. If I was not well acquainted with the person, I would feel rather "cheap," but my practice kept gaining. On January 7th, 1851, our daughter Alice was born.

I still lived in the house with my father, as I was not yet able to buy an outfit for housekeeping, besides I had no house; I did not want to contract a debt. I attended the sale of Thomas T. Payne, an old gentleman who had recently died. He lived on the land where Caseyville is partly built. He was the father of Alexander Payne, who died there in 1896. At that sale I bid five dollars on a feather bed and it was "knocked off" to me. I had no money to pay for it. My good old friend George W. Archer, now deceased, went on my note as security for the payment. It was a start towards getting a household outfit. On November the 25, 1852, our first son, Franklin P., was born; on the 26th of next February he died of pneumonia, a little less than four months old. This year, 1853, I had quite a practice and got a little ahead, and bought six acres of land of Abel Bell, and began to improve it, but was not able to build. On December 18th of this year our daughter Prudence J. was born. The fall of 1854 was a very sickly season, and during that fall I had an extensive practice. I built a dwelling on my little piece of land and moved into it in December. I thought if I could buy a piece of land in the backwoods as we called it, I would be fixed. Not long after that I bought the last piece of land that was vacant near us. This was a piece that

had been given by the government for the construction of the Wabash and Erie Canal. The land was situated about three miles away.

During this year the masonic lodge was instituted at Bridgeton under dispensation and named Whitcomb Lodge, U. D., in honor of the governor at that time; M. G. Wilkerson, W. M.; M. Wilkerson, S. W., and R. C. Allen, J. W. In August I was raised, being the first new member of that lodge. During the great anti-masonic excitement that swept over the country between the years 1827 and 1835, caused by the disappearance of one William Morgan, who it was claimed had been murdered by the order for exposing their secrets, anti-masonic literature and anti-masonic almanacs were published and the excitement ran high. During that crusade I formed a favorable opinion of the order and resolved when I became a man I would join the order. As soon as Bridgeton lodge was instituted I put in my petition and was made a master mason August, 1854. At the next session of the grand lodge the name of our lodge was changed to Bridgeton Lodge, No. 169.

I had been contemplating, when the first opportunity came, to attend some medical college, and was planning to do so the coming year. My means were slim and I had to economize. I left home February 12, 1855, for Cincinnati, Ohio, for

the purpose of attending a course of lectures at the Eclectic Medical Institute of that city. I took the cars at Brazil, which was the nearest station to us at that time. I arrived at Cincinnati late in the afternoon, Saturday. I secured a boarding place on Race street, between Fourth and Fifth streets. My trunk had been left in the hall; supper was announced and I had just set down to the table when a boy came running into the dining-room and told the landlady that some fellow had come in and taken my trunk. By that time the fellow was out of sight. That supper was not relished by me, with my trunk stolen. I was in a strange city, and not a soul there that I knew. I was inexperienced and among strangers. I knew nothing of the city, could not go out on the streets without getting confused, and I scarcely knew what to do. I was advised to go to the police headquarters and report the loss and give a description of the contents of the trunk. A young man at the boarding house went with me. I gave them a full description of every thing. This turn of affairs was quite sad to me. I slept but little that night; my appetite was not good the next day, which was Sunday, and I walked the streets. I was at a loss to know what to do. All my books, clothing, and various other articles in the trunk were gone. The next morning, Feb-

ruary the 14th, with a heavy heart I went to the office of the college to matriculate and obtain tickets for the course. While I was in the office a man came in for the same purpose. He was plainly dressed, wearing a suit of "Kentucky jeans." As I was not sporting very fine clothes myself, and since he looked like an honest man, I thought that he would make me a fit companion. I related to him my misfortune and proposed to him to rent a room and do our own cooking. To this he readily agreed. He, like myself, was not in the best of circumstances. His name was John B. Chase; his home was in New York. He proved to be an excellent man and a true friend. Although his exterior was common, and some made "light" of him on account of his jeans suit and awkward manners, but when they afterward discovered that he had an intellect higher than many of them they learned to respect him.

Before taking up our new quarters which were close to the college, we went to our boarding houses and paid our bill. At noon as we were sitting down to our frugal meal in our new quarters, a man came to our door and inquired if either of us had lost a trunk. I arose from the table and was not slow to inform him that I had. He said, "Go with me, a trunk has been found

and it may be yours." Another meal was spoiled. As we went along he asked me many questions in regard to the contents of the trunk which I was fully able to answer. On arriving at the house, to my great satisfaction, it proved to be mine. The card on which I had written my name was still on the trunk but had been torn into shreds. I had no trouble in proving my property. It was found by some children in a vacant stable. I recovered nearly all my property, excepting a gold pen, a razor, and a pocket case of instruments. As my books and clothing were the most valuable and most needed, I was pleased to regain them.

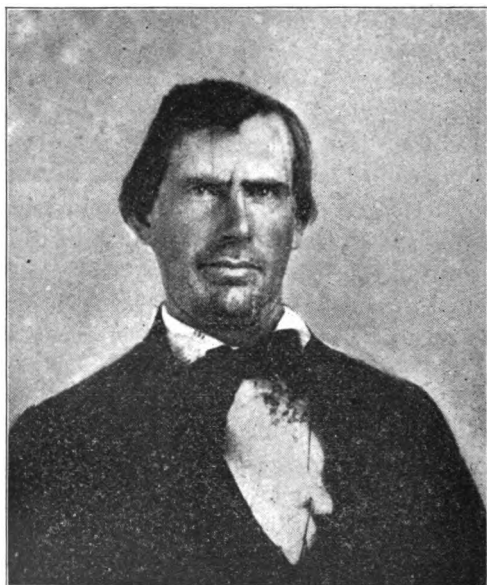
We "bached" the whole term, for our means had to be guarded and ran low sometimes. Our table never had many luxuries upon it; our meals were plain, and we never had much that was calculated to tickle the palate. The great desire with me was to obtain knowledge to fit me for my profession. Dr. Chase made a success; he visited me several years after. The last I knew of him he resided in Cora, Pennsylvania. After the term closed I was anxious to get home having been absent from my family for three months.

In August the 4th of that year our little son Charles was born. On the 7th of July the following year he died. In the spring of 1856 I pur-

chased a house and lot in Bridgeton and moved there the 3d day of April of that year. As my practice had greatly increased I deemed it best to make the change to a more central locality.

About the 10th of April I finished taking the Royal Arch Chapter degrees at Terre Haute, I recollect that Col. Richard Thompson was present. The day following I was returning home, and as I passed the Clear Run cemetery, I discovered a group of people inside of the enclosure. I stopped to inquire the cause. They had exhumed the body of Sanford Searing, and was preparing to bury him in this graveyard which had been prepared the year before. Young Searing had died on his return from California two or three years before. I wished to see the condition of his remains. Mr. James Searing the father of the dead boy came to me and told me my father was dangerously ill. There was an epidemic raging in the north part of the county beyond Sugar Creek. All who took it died. My father was called there to see a patient, and staid with it until the man got better, in the meantime he contracted the disease. Mr. Searing said that my father had sent word for him to come after him (my father) to bring him home. If a person ever had a premonition I had it in this case. I was so forcibly struck, that I felt a pang go through me, and I

said, "My father will die." About a week afterward, on the 18th of April, he died. I mourned his loss and felt that my dearest friend was gone.



JAMES CROOKS, 1857.

Shortly after locating in Bridgeton I formed a partnership in the practice of medicine with Samuel Trippy. It was very unsatisfactory and was dissolved two months after, I coming out the

loser. On the following June I was elected Worshipful Master of Bridgeton Lodge, and afterwards filled that office at intervals for twenty-five years. I think it was in the spring of 1857, Goldsmith Goodin, a young man from near Mansfield, came to read medicine with me. He remained for over two years. He was a good student and afterwards made a success in the practice. That year the scarlet fever prevailed over our part of the county, and from certain circumstances that came under my observation, I was led to believe that the disease was not as contagious as it is generally believed to be. In 1858 Samuel Witt began reading medicine with me. He was an excellent young man and made a promising physician. After commencing the practice, he only lived three years.

During May, 1858, I attended the Robert Morris Masonic School of Instruction held at Louisville, Kentucky. At the close of that school, in company with R. C. Allen and William Beal, who also attended the school, I visited the Wyandott cave in Crawford county, Indiana. This is a wonderful natural curiosity and worth anyone's while to visit it. On the 9th of May before my going to Louisville our son James H. was born. On September 10th the following year he died; this was a sad affair to me. In May, 1859, I

graduated in the Eclectic College of Medicine, Cincinnati, Ohio.

After residing four years in Bridgeton, in the year 1860 I embarked in the mercantile business, and the firm's name was Crooks & Clark. N. B. Smock was a silent partner, and the store was placed in his charge. Mathias Clark was on his farm, and I had an extensive practice and was continually in my saddle, and neither of us had any time to look after the store. At that time R. C. Allen and C. B. Allen lived here, and also George Belt, A. M. Jacks and Daniel Duree, who live here now. Duree is my brother-in-law, having married my sister Lucinda. C. B. Allen had united with the Baptist church here and was ordained as a minister of the gospel by that body. He became a noted minister and at this time resides at Roachdale, Indiana. We were very intimate friends. He was married three times and his wives were sisters.

About this time I embarked in the manufacturing of proprietary medicine, liver pills, ague cure, liniment and cough syrup, and putting them on the market. I published an eight-by-ten paper and called it the "Sun Beam"; the design was to advertise those medicines. My brother Jacob H. Crooks was printer.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME FISH STORIES.

IN my younger days I took great delight in fishing. Before a law had been passed prohibiting the poisoning of fish, my father with a chosen few went late in the fall of the year to the Wabash, I often made one of the party, and often fished with *Cocculus Indicus* or fish berries. The berry being ground into powder, was mixed with mush made from corn meal and rolled into balls about the size of a small marble. These balls were dropped into deep water just before daybreak, selecting a place where there were buffalo fish. If eaten, they would produce drunkenness in the fish, which were then easily caught. Buckeye bark would produce the same effect. I will here insert a paper that explains itself.

AN OLD TIME FISH STORY.

The following paper, descriptive of a sport indulged in half a century ago, was recently read before the Historical Society of Parke county, Indiana, by Dr. James Crooks, who is now about seventy-five years old. Dr. Crooks says:

"My father, Dr. William B. Crooks, located in Parke county, Indiana, in the year 1826. He

was the first physician to settle in Raccoon township, and gained quite a reputation for treating successfully that mysterious disease known as "milksick." He died in the year 1856 near Bridgeton. He was always trying some experiment, and was the first to discover the use of bark of the root of the *Æsculus glabra*, or the buckeye tree, purpose of "buckeyeing" fish as we called it. He discovered that it would produce inebriation of fish, as the berry and tender leaves and shoots of the buckeye would produce drunkenness in cattle and other animals that ate them. The preparation of the bark for the use required considerable labor, as nothing but the bark from the root would do; but the anticipation of the fine sport that would surely follow made the labor very light. With grubbing hoe and shovel the earth was removed from the roots of the tree and often the whole tree dug up. A day would be spent in procuring the bark, and a good part of the night would be occupied in cutting, pounding, and reducing it to a pulp, when it was ready for use. Many a night have I assisted in preparing it. It was expected that each person would furnish one bushel of prepared bark.

In the fall of the year when water was at a low stage, a few who were in the secret would "buckeye" Big Raccoon. Three or four bushels of bark

properly prepared would affect the fish for two miles. Most of the people were of the impression that we used something along with the bark, to act upon the fish, and we were willing for them to think so. They would say they were satisfied that my father used something else, and kept it a secret, when they were told plainly what it was, they would say, "We know better, for we have tried it, and failed;" but the reason they failed was, they did not know how to use it. At this day the buckeye trees are not plentiful, and a law has been passed prohibiting persons from fishing that way, I cannot see that any harm can be done in divulging the method. In the fall when the water was at a very low stage, a shallow ripple was selected as the place to wash out the bark; this was done by two or three persons putting a small quantity of the bark at a time in baskets, sinking them into the water, rubbing the bark between the hands, and raising the basket up and down, moving it to and fro across the stream so as to thoroughly mix the juice of the bark with the flowing water, and then strewing the residue across the channel, keeping this operation up until all the bark is used.

We would often camp for the night on the bank of the stream so as to be ready at early dawn to put in our bark. This done, we would anxiously

wait for the result. In a half hour its effect would be seen. Its action on the fish is similar to that of "*Cocculus Indicus*" or fish berry, but the berry must be taken into the stomach along with something that the fish will eat; while from the other, the effect is produced by the contaminated water as it passes through the gills of the fish, which are their respiratory organs, but producing the same apparent effect on the brain of the fish. Acting through a different channel, of course, the bark-poison would have a broader range of action than the berry, and very few fish could escape.

The first sign seen of its effects are minnows acting strangely, swimming around on the surface of the water in a circular manner, then darting swiftly forward, and, if close to the shore, often jump out of the water on to the sandbar. Very soon the larger ones act in the same manner; then the sport begins. With gig in hand and the fish in a state of intoxication they are easily taken. As the contaminated water moves along with the current of the stream the fish become affected as it goes, until the strength of the poison is spent. The water being affected, two, three, or four miles, owing to the amount of bark used, the sport would last all day. Suckers and that class of fish were the first to become affected. Bass would have a great feast on the drunken min-

nows in the fore part of the day; in the afternoon they also became affected, but their action is entirely different from other fish. They leave the swift water and lie in the still water close to the shore with their heads up stream. If they are disturbed they will dart swiftly away into the deep water, but will soon return to their place again. After the fish get a full dose they rarely recover.

AN EEL RIVER HAUL.

Big Raccoon was not as good a stream as Eel river for fishing; a party of us concluded to go there and try buckeye bark. I will tell you a story which may sound rather "fishy," but I can vouch for its truthfulness, for I was a witness of the whole affair. Our party consisted of twelve persons; we had twenty-five bushels of prepared buckeye bark, and we went to Eel river a-fishing. We had four two-horse teams, and we provided ourselves with a barrel of salt to salt our fish if we caught any. We reached Eel river late in the evening, and selected what we thought would be a good place to put in our bark, then camped for the night. About daybreak next morning we washed out the whole of our twenty-five bushels of bark. Before the sun was fairly up, our work began to show itself. It was a beautiful sunshiny day in October. With great expectation we

watched for developments, and we were all kept busy that day. In all of our former experiences in fishing, none of us had witnessed such a slaughter of fish! All kinds, from the smallest to the largest that the river afforded, were affected. All day long from sunrise to sunset it was excitement and work. Four or five of us were catching the fish, others were carrying them to camp, and others cleaning and salting them down. Before night the whole of our barrel of salt was used in salting our fish and we had to purchase a bushel more from a farmer who lived near by. The surrounding neighborhood, hearing of the great slaughter, flocked around to see the wonderful sight. Some of them seemed to be astonished, while others helped themselves to fish and we dare not say a word. Two men, I particularly recollect, came on the scene about 10 o'clock in the morning with their gigs and went to catching fish without consulting us; one would have supposed they belonged to our crowd. They fished until the middle of the afternoon. They were active and were particular to select the choicest fish and appeared to be professional fishers. During the time they fished they must have caught several hundred pounds. I was informed afterwards that these two men sold the fish they caught that day in Greencastle and realized over fifty dollars

on their sales. One fellow offered me fifty dollars if I would give him the secret. He said: "I know that it is not fish berries that you have used, for I see that this makes a clean sweep of all kinds of fish." I did not accept his offer. It was a remarkable sight—the many large fish that were taken that day, and I never expect to witness such again.

AN AFTERMATH.

In the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, Mr. Abel Bell, one of our party, caught the first large cat-fish and quite a rejoicing took place over it. It had not occurred to us then that much larger ones might be caught. Late that evening my father had the luck to take much the largest fish of the day, and the largest one that was caught. Bell's fish was a baby by the side of it. It was a cat-fish and the largest fresh water fish I ever saw. Its gross weight must have been near 150 pounds. A gig handle was passed through the fish's gills, and my father and one Isam Myers, placing the handle of the gig upon their shoulders and the fish between them, bore the prize to camp; both men were tall, and the tail of the fish dragged the ground. The mouth of the fish was large enough to take in my head easily. When the fish was opened there was found in its stomach one fish—

a red horse—twenty inches long, besides three sicklebacks, or native carp, all over one foot in length. The fish had swallowed them before taking on his big drunk. This concluded our fishing for one day, and our suppers were eaten with a relish. The next morning the river along the water edge just below where we had fished was lined with fish of the finest kinds. Our party said we had all the fish we wanted, but I did not feel satisfied to go and leave so many fine fish. I concluded to go down the river and pick up a few of the finest ones. Isaac Webster, who died in 1897, volunteered to go with me. We had not gone far until I discovered a large cat fish four feet long lying in a shallow ripple with its head up stream, for that is the way they lie when they get helpless. The fish was so large that its back was above the water. I stuck my gig in its gills and pushed it to the shore. Ike cut a grape vine to string our fish on as we caught them, and run it through the fish's gills; as I caught more he strung them on the vine. In a very short time we added two more catfish, all three just the same size, to our string. We picked up several more, buffalos, white perch and channel cat—none weighing less than twelve pounds, and each having a mouth large enough to be strung on the grape vine. Those at the camp who were anxious

to go home sent a man after us. It was with a feeling of regret that I turned my course toward the camp when I knew I was leaving behind me many fish. We had the finest string of fish I ever saw, fully fifteen feet long and all large ones. We towed our string up the river a half mile to camp. The men attempted to pull the string of fish out of the water up a little incline but could not, but had to remove the fish from the vine first. We loaded up the four teams with our fish and left for home. The teams were heavily loaded, and all had to walk save the drivers. On arriving at home our catch were divided, and we had fish to last us all the next year. Fish salted down late in the fall will keep well. As long as Isaac Webster lived, when in my company, he would say: "Dock, don't you wish you had a string of fish like the one we brought up to camp that morning after we buckeyed Eel river?" All the party that was engaged in that fishing spree have passed beyond the dark river. I am now the only one left to tell the tale.

CHAPTER X.

TRIALS AND PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY DOCTOR.

IN April, 1861, when the Rebellion came, J. H., my brother, who had done printing for me volunteered and joined the 14th Indiana regiment. My preparations had gained some notoriety and I realized some money from their sales. Although our nation was engaged in a bloody war, I did not take any hand in it. I could not for one moment feel like being instrumental in destroying life. I did not want to see a disruption of our beloved country, and was in favor of its preservation, and was as good a union man as there was. I was not a fanatic and did not believe in the vile epithets that some used. Because I was a Democrat I was even called a "Butternut" and unbecoming names as many others were. I knew there were as many democrats on the Union side as there were republicans, and the rebellion could never have put down without their help.

My daughter, Clara M., was born July 18, 1861. In the year following, October 16, 1862, our son, George B., was born. During this time I was engaged in my daily routine of business. The Civil War was raging—brothers' hands were arrayed against brothers'—bloody battles were fought,

people were eager to hear the results, and the whole mind of the people was absorbed.

In 1864, July 14th, our son Alonzo was born. In the following year, August 31st, the little fellow died. His death was caused by some foreign substance getting into his windpipe or lungs. I called on Dr. H. J. Rice, of Rockville, who performed the operation of tracheotomy in order to remove the substance but it could not be found. On the 22d day of August, just nine days before, my mother died, aged 61 years. I was very unfortunate with my sons, four dying in infancy.

In 1866 I sold my interest in the firm of Crooks & Clark to A. M. Jacks. If I had not sold out it might have prevented me from losing a small fortune at Brazil. I did not remain out of business long. Henry S. Fletcher who had formerly been in business at Bridgeton, a man in whom I had great confidence, was living in Brazil, Indiana, induced me to join a company that was just forming for the purpose of opening a large store in that place. I was favorably impressed with the idea that it would be a good investment. I agreed to it. The parties that were connected with the venture were Dr. William Gifford, Wm. Lambert, Fletcher, and myself. The firm's name was, Fletcher, Lambert & Co. After some months Lambert dropped out of the firm,

and the name was changed to Fletcher, Crooks & Co. and the business was carried on for three years, when Dr. Gifford retired, and the firm's name was changed again to Fletcher & Crooks, until 1871 when Fletcher died. After his death, I found the business had been badly managed. He had let strong drink get the upper-hand of him and the financial part of the concern was in a very unsound condition. I put his brother John Fletcher in charge of the affair as I had no time to devote to the business. In 1873 the panic came. I found John had conducted the business far worse than his brother had. One firm to whom we were indebted, Murphy, Johnson & Co. of Indianapolis, began pressing the matter. On investigation I found the firm owed them \$6,000, and the whole indebtedness of the concern was over \$16,000, all due, and our stock run down. Something had to be done; bankruptcy stared me in the face. I set about trying to fix it up and many sleepless nights passed. I was perplexed and worried as to how to prevent a total wreck. I fell to the sum of \$20,000. I paid every cent. No suits were filed against me, and I paid 10 per cent. interest. At the end of five years, I had paid every cent and saved all my real estate and something besides.

During the month of July, 1867, Robert Morris

LL. D. Past Grand Master of F. A. M., of Kentucky, and Poet Laureate of Masonry, made a tour over Parke county visiting the various lodges, prior to his visit to the Holyland, and giving poetic recitations. I accompanied my esteemed brother over Parke county to visit the various Masonic lodges. In remembrance of this occurrence, Brother Morris wrote: "In 1867, the writer enjoyed a week's ramble in Parke county, Indiana with Dr. James Crooks A. M. and suggest in the following lines the pleasant memories thereof:

THE JOURNEY OF A WEEK.

Now, 'tis past, our journey run,
All our week's delights are done ;
Every pleasant task is o'er,
And our songs we'll sing no more ;
But their memory we will keep,
'Till in death we calmly sleep.

How the pleasant hours come back,
O'er the hills again we track ;
Scan the bounteous golden grain,
Cross the cooling stream again ;
Join our voices through the wood,
Break the shady solitude.

Every loving heart and kind,
Comes again across the mind ;
Every cheerful jest will be,
Pleasant food for memory ;

Every truth sublime will last
'Till our earthly day is past.

Surely He, who made us friends,
All our future steps attends ;
Keep for us a golden crown,
When we lay our life's cross down ;
And by heavenly streams will cheer,
Those who loved each other here."

These verses recall memories of by-gone days. Brother Morris has passed over the river and I am still lingering on this side, but feel that I am on the brink. He was a man that I greatly esteemed.

On Easter Sunday, 1868, April 12th, our son Robert M. was born; I named him Robert Morris, because of my great admiration for my distinguished friend. Robert Morris was the founder of the order of the Eastern Star. In 1865 he commissioned me Deputy Grand Patron of the Eastern Star to act as such in the State of Indiana. The first organizations were called Families of the Eastern Star. As far back as 1862 I was authorized by him to give the Eastern Star degree before there was a regular organization, and was the first person to give the degree in Cincinnati, Ohio; I took great interest in this work. The Ritual was revised by Robert McCoy, of New York, about the year 1870, and was called the Chapter of the

Order of the Eastern Star. I organized the first Chapter in the State, at Riley, Vigo county, Indiana, before the Grand Chapter was instituted, of which I will hereafter speak.

I have met with several reverses during my checkered life. In the fall of 1868, a building consisting of a storeroom belonging to me, in the second story of which was the Masonic hall, was consumed by fire. The records, charter, library, and everything pertaining to the Masonic lodge were burned, producing in some respects, an irreparable loss. The loss of the building alone was twelve hundred dollars to me as there was no insurance.

On May the 22, 1870, the first marriage in my family occurred. George F. Smock was united in marriage to my eldest daughter, Alice. In 1872, the second marriage took place. Prudence J. my second daughter was married to Samuel Beaty on March the 7th and on the 28th, just three weeks from that time, she became a widow. He died of pneumonia. He was a promising young man, above the average. He was a student of medicine under me and had attended one course of lectures at the Indiana Medical College at Indianapolis, and stood at the head of his class; had he lived he would have made his mark in the world.

In 1873 my financial trouble of which I have spoken came upon me. I was confined to my bed, when I was informed that the firm of Fletcher & Crooks was in a bankrupt condition. I fell for \$20,000. The worry caused me many a sleepless night and about five years of hard labor before the debt was fully paid. Not one person lost a cent by me. In April of this year Rev. John Leach, a superannuated preacher of the M. E. Church, visited me; he was also a Dep. Patron of the Eastern Star; we made an arrangement to organize a Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star. We appointed a meeting to be held in the city of Anderson, Madison county, Indiana. We took in consultation James A. Nutt, of Greencastle, and the Grand Chapter of the Eastern Star was organized.

At the time of the organization of the order of the Eastern Star, many masons opposed it, but through all opposition, it arose to a high rank. It is an old saying that "self praise is half scandal." I worked hard and did much for its advancement. I received very little credit for what I did; others bore away the honors. The year 1874 was a hard one for me; I was under heavy embarrassment, and debt was pressing me, but notwithstanding all this, I became a Knight Templar and accompanied the commandery to New Orleans, where the tri-ennial conclave

was held that year. We arrived there on the first day of December. The Logansport, Indiana, and the Cairo, Illinois, Commandery joined the Terre Haute Commandery, and engaged the fine Mississippi steamer "Thompson Dean," to make the trip from Cairo, Illinois, and return, including board at New Orleans for \$45.00. We were in New Orleans four days, the whole trip occupying two weeks. This was a grand trip. The Cairo brass band accompanied us. We had plenty of music. During our meals three Italians made music; nine darkies made music at night, for the passengers to trip the light fantastic toe, which was kept up until 12 o'clock, except Sunday evenings. Then we had services; there were two divines aboard, a Methodist, and an Episcopal clergyman. N. B. Smock and James Martin, of Bridgeton, were among the passengers. Lewis B. Martin, president of the savings bank of Terre Haute, had his watch stolen. He reported his loss to the police of New Orleans, and on his return home he found it was there.

On my return, Prudence J., my widowed daughter, was united in marriage to Mr. Lawrence Tennant, a stepson of John R. Miller. During the year 1875 I worked hard to lighten the burden of debt that was resting upon my shoulders. At the end of the year I had the most press-

ing claims paid, and began to see my way through.

The fall of 1876 was the last year that malarial fever prevailed with violence in this section of the country. All through the months of August, September and part of October two-thirds of the population were prostrate by disease. Up to that time, during my 27 years practice, I passed through several malarial visitations. The first settlers of Indiana had this invisible foe to contend with, which was a great annoyance and undermined many constitutions. This state was subject to malarial epidemic as no other part of North America was, excepting some tropical portions. With few exceptions the undisturbed forest cast its thick shade over nearly all the state. The fallen timber, as it lay upon the damp and wet ground from year to year, the great accumulation of debris continually undergoing decomposition, the numerous ponds and swamps sending forth their deadly effluvia, during the hot months of June, July and August, all made a hot bed where the germs of disease were hatched, contaminating the air, filling it with poison which was carried into the lungs. Through that channel, entering the blood, thereby producing disease. Remittent and intermittent fevers would be the result. Heat and moisture are both necessary

for the production of malaria. When Jack-frost made his appearance and cold weather came these germs were destroyed and disease cut short. Unless persons had resided here a third of a century ago, they can have no idea to what extent such diseases once raged.

Its a common expression to hear people say, "How terribly sickly it is getting to be!" should there exist in the surrounding country a few cases of sickness. A voice from the dim shadows of the past seems to give utterance; "You are not aware to what extent sickness prevailed here forty years ago." The writer during a practice of 50 years as a physician, witnessed several seasons when those epidemics raged in all their violence, the majority of the community were prostrate with disease. I have on several occasions visited families where every member belonging to it, was confined to the bed. I have witnessed as high as six persons down in one house, not one able to wait on another. I call to mind one particular circumstance which came under my observation, that occurred in the fall of 1854. I visited Henry Robison and family near Jessup, sometime before that village was there. His family consisted of five persons, himself, wife and three children; two had remittent fever, and the other three chills. At the time I made my visit, the fever was raging

and all were delirious; the situation was a deplorable one. After an examination, I prepared my medicines for each patient before leaving, took it to the nearest neighbor, and had a man take it back to the family and administer it to them.

The largest number of patients I visited in one day was forty-six. In our locality there were no drug stores handy where prescriptions could be filled; no tablets and preparations ready to administer like we have at the present time. The doctor issued out his own medicine, mostly powders. After the physician has gone from house to house over considerable territory, and examined from forty-five to fifty patients, and dosed out into little papers at least four hundred powders, as there were no capsules then, and given directions, he will find but little time to eat or sleep. During the epidemic season, country physicians were busy day and night, visiting their patients, they being scattered over various parts of the country. This great rush would last about six weeks, or two months, until cold weather came. I have gone to sleep many times on my horse, nod, straighten up, rub my face, with the determination to keep awake, but the next thing I knew I would be nodding again, and sometimes came nearly falling headlong from my faithful horse.

Physicians those days had but very few conveniences. On horseback was about all the way the poor country doctor had to visit his patients. Roads, if they might be called such, were with few exceptions almost impassable, or at best in a bad condition part of the year. We had what were called state and county roads. The state roads were known by three notches cut one above another on trees along the side of the road. Many of the so-called high-ways were only bridle paths and could only be followed by blazes made with an axe on the trees as guide. Many a time I have traveled over these lonely routes, in the calm stillness of the night, all nature hushed in quiet repose; nothing seemed to disturb its stillness but that peculiar sound produced by the cricket as he rasped his wings together, and occasionally a whip-poor-will, sending forth his solitary notes, making the way lonely, while my thoughts were probably fixed on some poor mortal who had passed out of the reach of medicine, and just ready to go beyond the dark river. All this would add greatly to the solitude.

During these epidemic seasons, when it was fashionable to have chills, I have often heard the remark: "I would like to have the ague once to see how it felt." Generally, that person did not have long to wait until his wishes would be

gratified. One good old-fashioned shake was almost sure to satisfy the curiosity. In a case of ague the person's teeth would chatter, the body and limbs quiver uncontrollably from head to foot. Some cases were so violent that the bed upon which the patient lay would creak and tremble, and the loose boards of the cabin floor would vibrate, and the dishes in the cupboard would rattle. If a bystander did not know the cause he might be led to believe that there was an earthquake going on.

Many anecdotes are told at the expense of ague and fever sufferers. Just one I will mention in the way of illustration. It was told that an old negro, who had had the ague for some time, was found by the doctor, who came to visit him, outside of his cabin, churning. The old fellow was in the height of one of his paroxysms, shaking and churning as hard as he could. The doctor said, "Why, Mose, why are you out here! Don't you know you are sick enough to be in bed?" Mose replied: "Yes, sah; but Manda say s' long as Ize's bound to rattle wid dis yer chill, dat I mout as well be churnin' her butter wid it, stid er wastin' all de energy in shakin' de bed down wid it."

Intermittents assumed a variety of forms. The chill would come on every day, sometimes every second day, and others every third day, and in

rare cases every fourth day. In another form called "Dumb ague," the chill hardly perceptible, was followed by high fever. The "Tertain" or third day form was very obstinate, and did not yield readily to treatment. The clearing away of the forest, the drainage of the damp, wet soil of our rich flat lands and of the stagnant water from ponds and swamps, did much towards driving out the deadly miasma that filled the atmosphere. All these improvements gave health, vigor, and longevity, and now, the people of Indiana can boast, that they have one of the most healthful states in the Union.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER AND OTHERS.

NOVEMBER 26, 1877, in company with Dr. Mater, I went to Stoddard county, Missouri, by the way of Cairo, Illinois, and Dexter, Missouri, on a hunting expedition and to visit friends. Asherville, near St. Francis river, was the point we wished to reach. By previous arrangement, my brother-in-law, F. M. Nevins, sister Mary's husband, was to meet us at Dexter. We arrived there in the evening and found Nevins in waiting. He with others from Parke county had settled at Asherville about two years before. John F. Price, John Husband, John Simpson, Jeff Lawhorn, and John Pipes, were the settlers. They had invited us to visit them, and have a hunt. They reported game plenty. On the following morning, we started for Asherville 25 miles distant, where we arrived late in the evening. While at Terre Haute, we purchased a small demijohn full of bourbon "to use in case the water was bad." There were two teams in our company, Nevins led the way, and he had the demijohn in charge. Dr. Mater and I were behind. Nevins reached the village first and as we drove in sight, the first thing we saw, was our old friend

John Husband whom we had not seen for two years. He had the big demijohn turned up over his head testing the qualities of its contents. We were cordially received; so was the demijohn.

During our stay, we had a very enjoyable time.

After spending the night at Asherville, we went to Nevins'. F. M. Nevins lived down on the St. Francis river, five miles away. In going we passed by one solitary house. The road led through a dense forest of the finest timber that I ever saw, the varieties consisting of white oak, poplar, sweet-gum, and cypress. The cypress trees were very large and grew on the lowest ground. One peculiar thing I noticed around cypress trees. They called them cypress knees. They grew for thirty feet around, standing so thick that a person could scarcely get between them, tapering from the ground upward, cone-shaped, varying from one to five feet in height. He lived in a wild-looking place—wilderness all around for miles. Turkeys and squirrels were plenty. We killed a few. Deer were scarce. We were there three days, when we started to go about twenty-five miles over in the edge of Arkansas, where it was reported my brother Philo P. was, for a hunt. Early in the morning Nevins hitched up his mule team and we started. It had turned cold during

the night, and ice froze about two inches thick. We had sloughs to cross; the ice was not thick enough to bear up, and our team would break through, which made traveling difficult. Late in the afternoon we came to a slough deeper and wider than any we had encountered; the water was two or three feet deep. The ice broke, the mules floundered and got down, and had to be loosened from the wagon to get them out. Night came upon us and we struck camp. It was a solitary spot, several miles from any habitation. We learned afterwards we ran some risk of an attack from wild animals. The night was cool; we slept by our camp-fire unmolested, rolled up in my comfort I passed the night. We resolved next morning to give up the hunt. We returned to my brother-in-law's that evening. I formed the acquaintance of doctor Ham and his brother William, who were expert hunters. They knew where there were a few deer which they said were scarce; that disease had got among them, called black tongue, and many had died of it. They hunted with me two days and got two deer. I was from home about three weeks.

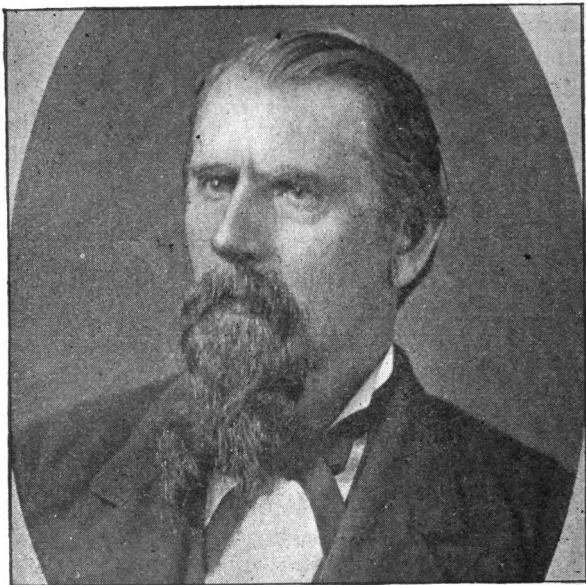
In may, 1878, I was a delegate to the Grand Lodge F. & A. M., and served on the Committee on Charters. During that term I was appointed Grand Lecturer of Indiana, by Robert VanValzah,

then Grand Master. I never wanted any higher office in that body.

Misfortune of some character seemed to follow me, from the time of my great loss at Brazil; if it was not one thing it was another. I had just about recovered from that disaster, when the fire fiend followed me the second time. On the 6th of July, 1878, one large, and two small business houses belonging to me were consumed by fire. In the large building I had a fine drugstore, carrying various articles of merchandise. My loss amounted to \$4,000. I had no insurance. A part of my stock was saved. I moved what was left into the second story of my brick building, under the Masonic hall. By adding some to it, the business did not stop. I built another house on the ground where the fire occurred, which I stocked with drugs and carried on that business until 1893, when I sold the stock to Frank Rogers and my son G. B. Crooks.

I took Thomas C. Clark when he was a small boy, and he learned the drug business. He was with me for several years, and was, an honest and faithful young man, and made me some money. He was in my employ when the store was burned and for some time afterwards. George Irwin learned drugs with me, and made a success. He is in business now at Roachdale, Indiana. On

May 1, 1879, I made a visit to Cincinnati, O., for two weeks, and had a pleasant time renewing old acquaintances. In the year of 1880, no bad luck



JAMES CROOKS, 1879.

overtook me. This was a remarkable year. Wheat matured earlier that year than I ever knew before. Daniel Kalley cut wheat on the 15th of June; it was of the Fultz variety. I was in attendance at

the convention at Cincinnati that nominated General Hancock for President on the Democratic ticket. I forgot to mention in its proper place, a circumstance that occurred in 1871.

An old shoemaker by the name of Morris came to Bridgeton and set up shop. He was addicted to strong drink. His shop was in the second story over my drugstore, (the building afterward burned) there was a veranda in front of his room, with latticed railing around it. In one of his drunken fits he got up in the night, climbed over the railing and fell to the ground, killing him instantly. Samuel Beaty was reading medicine with me at that time. He slept in an adjoining room, and hearing a racket, got up to learn the cause, found him dead; had it not been for him he would not have been discovered until morning. Coroner Cox at Rockville was notified, came and decided that he was killed in the fall.

On the last day of November, 1880, in company of two of my friends, Calvin Pruitt and Daniel McMullen, we reached Boone county, Arkansas. I went on a visit to my brother, Dr. J. H. Crooks, living at that time at Lead Hill, in that county, seven miles from the Missouri line. On arriving at Springfield, Missouri, we took stage to Forsythe, the county seat of Taney county, a distance of fifty miles; from that point my brother

sent a hack to convey us the balance of the way, a distance of twenty-five miles. It was a most lovely Indian summer day. Some five miles before we reached the Missouri line the hind axle-tree of the hack broke, and in order to get the hack along a long pole was cut and one end fastened on top of the fore axle-tree, the broken axle resting on the pole, the other end dragging the ground. The balance of the journey was completed that way. Soon after we got started a drunken lawyer from Forsythe caught up with us, riding in a buckboard. He invited me to ride with him and I accepted. The whole country was covered with rock of all sizes, scattered broadcast, as if they had at some remote period been rained down. A narrow passage had been cleared away of sufficient width for a wagon road. The drunk man, getting careless, would deviate to one side a little and the wheel would hit a stone, which would almost pitch me out of his conveyance. We arrived at White river, as far as the man was going, and he proposed to put me over the river. The river just at that point was the line between the two states. Just as we reached that point we observed quite a number of people coming across the river toward us, part of them in wagons, others on horseback. My friend mistook them for a fishing party, and asked a man

on horseback if they were having good luck. The man replied: "Not yet; but I think we will in a few minutes; we are going to have a wedding." As soon as the party had reached the Missouri side, they got out of their wagons and dismounted from their horses on the sandbar. Elder Redis, from Lead Hill, performed the ceremony uniting the couple for life. I was informed afterwards the reason why this couple came over to Missouri was that no license was required in that state. After the ceremony was concluded the people got into their wagons and mounted their horses, crossed over the river into Arkansas again. Just after the wedding party had dispersed my party came up; I bid my friend adieu. Late that evening we reached Lead Hill. That town is surrounded by small mountains, and the scenery is quite beautiful. I have no doubt but when that country is fully explored it will be found to be rich with lead and zinc. An old physician whose name was Derryberry lived near Lead Hill, and had lived in that vicinity for many years. He had done considerable prospecting for minerals and wished me to go with him two or three days that he might show me around. I did so and saw enough to convince me that some day that country would be found to be rich in minerals.

We spent nearly a month around Lead Hill. At

that time the inhabitants were at least fifty years behind the times. Their manners and customs reminded me of my childhood days, when strife and intrigue were not fashionable, when sincerity and plain ways were characteristic. The thought of those precious bygone days are dear to me. We were treated with the greatest of old-fashioned hospitality. People who came to town and formed our acquaintance would ask us to visit them, living eight or ten miles away. A Mr. Johnson, living ten miles away, invited us to visit him, and he would take us on a hunt over on Bear creek. We visited a man by the name of Booth, who lived there. We were there two days, and he went with us, but we did not find the bear. On the morning of our first hunt some of our boys caught four raccoons. After we had hunted all day and came in at night, hungry, the lady of the house had cooked a young raccoon in a large stewkettle before the fire. She was an expert in the business. It was cooked so tender that the flesh was ready to drop from the bone. The seasoning was just to the taste, and it was served for supper. I had never in my life enjoyed a better meal. The meat had a fine flavor, though one of our company, my friend Mr. Mullen, ate of it sparingly, and the only fault he could find was that it was a "coon." He kept admonishing me

for eating so heartily, and would say: "Doctor, you will make yourself sick." But I never felt better after a meal. The people, not having beds for us, spread quilts upon the floor of the cabin, on which we lay all night with a light covering over us, and enjoyed a refreshing sleep. The next afternoon we returned to Lead Hill.

Sore eyes were very prevalent in that part of the country. I was called upon to treat a few cases. A few days before I came away an old man who lived in the vicinity came in. He introduced himself and remarked: "I want to tell you something. I have had the sore eyes for ten years. I have been in here and seen you operating on the people's eyes, and strange to say, the sight of you has cured mine. I am willing to go before a magistrate and make oath that you have." He had in his hand a set of scarificators and said, "I want to make you a present in testimony of the fact." I thanked him and he took his leave. This circumstance made me feel peculiar, as I had never presented myself as a healer of that kind.

After Mr. McMullen had remained two weeks, he did not wish to stay longer so he returned home, Mr. Pruitt remained with me a few days longer. About the time we were preparing to return, a fellow by the name of Harris came into the village. I got partially acquainted with him;

he claimed to be a doctor. He had a span of horses and a hack; he proposed to me to take us to Springfield, Missouri, if we would bear his expenses going, and teach him all I could on the way, in regard to the treatment of disease. I accepted his offer, as conveyances were hard to get. After starting, we felt like getting home, but the fellow was in no hurry to push on, and seemed to be wanting to kill time. At the end of the second day's travel, we had only made 35 miles, and 40 miles yet to Springfield. On the morning of the third day Pruitt and I concluded to abandon the fellow; we were on the stage line between Forsyth and Springfield; we were aware that the stage would be along soon so we quietly paid our bill, boarded the stage, and left our man behind without bidding him goodbye. By that means we reached Springfield that evening, and the next morning we were in St. Louis. We understood afterwards that Harris was a bad character.

In the year 1881 I made my first trip to Colorado—this I well remember. "Brick" Pomeroy just the fall before had projected and commenced work on the Atlantic-Pacific Tunnel, which was to cut the backbone of the American continent in two, and as I had taken stock in the project I was anxious to visit it.

My cousin S. R. Johnson of Omaha, Nebraska,

at that time was conducting a large wholesale grocery house in that city. He had a large territory and did an extensive business over Iowa, Nebraska and the Western territories the business amounting to about \$1,500,000 a year. He furnished me with a pass from St. Louis to Omaha and return, that I might visit him. On arriving at Kansas City I encountered a wash-out on the railroad between there and Council Bluffs, and the travel had to be maintained over other lines. I was detained on the road 24 hours. I left home on the 19th of May and reached Omaha the 24th.

S. R. Johnson was born in Parke county near Bellmore on the farm now owned by Isaac Wimmer. Isaac Johnson, his father, was my mother's brother. This reminds me of a little circumstance that happened when I was quite a young lad while on a visit there. We had been there but a short time when their cat happened to see itself in the looking-glass, jumped into it, and broke it all to pieces; my aunt was greatly troubled over it, not for the loss of the glass, but because she had been told that some misfortune would soon follow.

I remember the morning that uncle started for Iowa. S. R. was then only a lad. Samuel R. was quite young when he started to do for him-

self. Some years after he left the state he came on a visit to Parke county and remained all winter. My uncle, Jacob J. Johnson, at that time carried on a wagon shop, and he worked for him during his stay. When he got ready to return to Iowa in the spring he had less than twenty dollars in his pocket. At that time the West had no railroads. He went from here to Louisville, Kentucky, to take a steamer to St. Joseph, Missouri. When he reached St. Joseph he had only fifty cents left. Without stopping there he started out on foot; his father lived one hundred miles away. He traveled all night. About fifty miles from St. Joseph he had a friend who lived on the road. He stopped there and rested up and then resumed his journey home.

He informed me he made two or three trips across the plains, being engaged to drive ox-teams, when the country west of the Missouri river was occupied by the Indians, and never was once molested by them. He had a friendly feeling for the Indian, and said the white man was the aggressor. Some shallow-brain fellow would swear he would kill the first Indian he saw, and carry out the threat, and then trouble would begin.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT WEST.

AFTER spending a few more days with my relative, on the 31st of May at one o'clock p. m. I boarded a Union Pacific train for Cheyenne the capital of Wyoming territory a distance of 516 miles, where I arrived the next day, June the 1st. Our route lay along up the Great Platte river, crossing over the boundless undulating plains of Nebraska, until we reached Pine Bluffs 473 miles west of Omaha. There we entered Wyoming Territory. We saw numerous antelope bounding over the broad plains the timid creatures making haste to flee from the train. Prairie dogs were seen in numerous towns along the way, sitting on their haunches, or darting quickly into their burrows. At Atkins, six miles east of Cheyenne, I first saw Pike's Peak, 175 miles to the south; to me it seemed to be only a few miles distant. One of the illusions of sight in that country, is making distant objects appear very near. It seemed I was in a land of enchantment, and the sight was grand to me as we moved along not far from the foot hills. The distance by rail from Cheyenne to Denver is 106 miles and running parallel with the Rocky

mountains. To see Long's Peak and Pike's Peak, with their grim and lofty summits; rearing their mighty heads above the clouds, robed in snow; there is something about it I am unable to describe. A day or two after reaching Denver I took advantage of an excursion to Manitou. Girt-round, by rugged mountains lies peerless Manitou; nestling closely at foot of Pike's Peak from whose base bursts forth bubbling health-restoring springs where from early morn to dusky eve, are seen hundreds of tourists and citizens quaffing the exhilarating, effervescent water. In close proximity are found the Ute pass, Rainbow falls, the Cave of the Winds, last but not least, "The Garden of the Gods."

Many peculiar formations are here, which strike the beholder with wonder; rocks of every conceivable shape, size and color. The east gate is formed by two red sandstone monoliths, each 331 feet in height, Cathedral spires and gigantic mushrooms, frogs, seals, bears, camels, and many other creatures, all formed by nature from rocks of forgotten ages. At the west gate of the garden is a solid rock shaft so delicately poised that one almost fears to lean his weight against it; yet it has withstood the blasts of ages. When I was at Denver I was very anxious to reach the mountains; I was wanting to see the tunnel. One afternoon, in com-

pany with "Brick" Pomeroy, we went as far as Georgetown. The trip up Clear Creek canyon was a wonderfule sight to my uneducated eye. The scenery was grand, wild and varied. The defile was deep and narrow; rocks piled upon rocks, rising in stupenduous and lofty domes, while Clear Creek, in its mad career, dashed and foamed over and among large boulders, roaring like an approaching tornado, rushing on, seeming eager to reach the plains below. After spending the night at Georgetown, we took a hack for the east end of the Atlantic Pacific tunnel, nine miles further up the canyon. Our way was through Silver Plume. It was an enjoyable ride amid beautiful scenery. The east end of the Atlantic Pacific tunnel enters Kelso mountain at an altitude of 10,000 feet, and is to pass under Gray's Peak and Ruby mountain; its length will be 25,200 feet. At that time the tunnel was driven only 300 feet. I remained there two days. On the second day, June 5th, Jack D. Jennings, the foreman at the tunnel, accompanied me to the top of Kelso mountain. We commenced our ascent at 8 a. m. and at half-past 2 o'clock p. m. we reached the summit, rising to the height of 13,235 feet above the sea level. Our way up the mountain side was a zigzag trail, and the ascent was quite difficult in places. The air was light,

breathing difficult, and the journey tiresome. On reaching the summit, I was well repaid for my toil, for the scene was sublime and magnificent. About two acres on the apex was almost level. Snow lay in great drifts, other places bare. Small, wild flowers of two varieties, both very diminutive, were all that grew there in the way of vegetation. Some grew in the very edge of the snow drifts. It was a region of winter and summer land brought strangely and closely together, for one could make snowballs with one hand and pick flowers with the other. Looking northward over the Baker and Big Professor mountains, we saw the snowy range as far as the eye could reach, with Long's Peak in the distance. In the northeast began the McClellan, formed into a semi-circle, extending around to the southwest until it unites with Gray's Peak, enclosing Kelso in the center of the circle.

As we stood on the lofty Kelso mountain, the scene was grand beyond the power of description. To the west and northwest, Gray's and Torry's Peaks only a short distance away; their towering cone-shaped peaks looming still above us 1,200 feet. It was with some regret I left the spot to take my way down the mountain side. I returned to Georgetown the next day afoot, and leisurely took in the scenery. While at George-

town I was the guest of George Cary, a son of W. C. Cary, who once conducted a grocery store on Main street in Terre Haute, and at one time was well known there. They claimed that they had a mine on Democrat mountain. We hired a couple of horses, took the road up Empire Pass, and over on the mountain to the place where their supposed lode was located, which they called the "Terre Haute." It was a wild and lonely spot; a little cabin stood nearby; fine timber grew all around it; snow lay in drifts among the trees; a spring of water gushing out of the mountain side near the cabin. The last quarter of mile was so rough, we had to dismount and hitch our horses and make the balance of the way on foot. The place had gained the unpoetic name of "Hard to Wiggle district." The Cary's agreed to give me one-third interest in the mine to form a company to mine it. I did this. I never made a cent out of it, but lost.

One other beautiful spot that I visited when at Georgetown was Green Lake a lovely little body of water 11,000 feet above the sea level, away up against the side of the mountains containing an area of 40 acres; two hundred and fifty feet deep at its center, clear as crystal and stocked with fish; it has a petrified forest on one side of it. I returned to Denver the 9th of June and on

the 11th started for Omaha. I traveled over the same route from Denver to Omaha. That part from Denver to Cheyenne presents a great contrast, the plains on the right, and the mountains on the left. The gently undulating plains, covered with grass and beautiful flowers, as far as the eye could reach; the mountains towering to the clouds, and the high peaks mantled with eternal snow. Looking to the west, one beholds that grand panorama; to the east the beautiful plains; amid these scenes I bade farewell to Colorado. I reached Omaha the 13th of June and remained until the 20th visiting my relatives. In coming home I passed through Iowa, stopped off a few hours at Albia, Iowa and called on friends of former days. Lewis Miller the man for whom I drove the hogs to Franklin lived there and was in the banking business, which proved to be disastrous to him. I also stopped at Ottumwa where I spent a few pleasant hours with a friend. On the following morning I left for home where I arrived the 23d. of June. The following year 1882, I perfected the mining company spoken of, and gave it the name of the "Terre Haute and Big Raccoon Silver Mining Co." Thomas A. Barnes and I furnished nearly all the capital. This scheme was the Cary project. We sent Hiram Heacock, Lafayette Barnes Jr. and Newton Jessup to develop

the property which proved an entire failure. L. Barnes Jr., visited the place a few years after, and found the cabin and all in it, as he had left it.

In the year 1883 I tore down my old dwelling on the lot where I had lived from the time I came to Bridgeton, and built thereon a seven-room two-story brick building, costing \$3,800. The construction of this house took up part of my time during that year. I put up ice this year or the year before, commencing on the 18th of November. On the 21st of March my sister Mary, the widow of the late F. M. Nevins, died of consumption, her husband dying with the same disease two years before, leaving two orphan children, Lula and Julia.

In 1884, November 11, I made a second trip to Arkansas to visit my brother, who had moved to Geigerville, Yell county. My younger brother, W. T. Crooks, who was also a physician, lived at Danville, the county seat of that county. I visited him also. Dr. J. D. Mater and wife accompanied me. The doctor's wife getting sick, they returned home after two weeks' sojourn. Shortly after their departure my brother Jacob H. went with me to visit the crystal mines, in Perry and Garland counties. We provided ourselves with a span of mules and a two-horse wagon. The distance was fifty miles across mountain ridges, over

one of the worst roads I ever traveled. Some of the hills were so steep it was almost impossible for our team to pull the empty wagon up. The hills were more sloping on their opposite sides, if they had not been our team would have been unable to pull our load back, as I had over 500 pounds of crystals. We started at 9 o'clock a. m. and at 11 a. m. we had crossed the first spur of mountain and down into the Laforshe valley. At 2 o'clock p. m. we got across the Big Laforshe river; here we stopped for lunch and to feed our team. At 3 p. m. we reached the top of Laforshe mountain, where the road ran some distance on its ridge. From this point we could see Magazine mountain, northwest of Dardanelle, and Danville further on in that direction. We reached the valley of South Laforshe late that evening, and we stopped for the night with Thomas Jones, a friend of my brother's. Bright and early the next morning we went down South Laforshe for fourteen miles. Here we reached another acquaintance of my brother's whose name was John H. Douthit. Here we got our dinner. We were yet eight miles from our destination, our friend Douthit going with us.

On arriving at Smith's springs, we camped for the night. Smith's Springs are thirty miles from Hot Springs. A Mr. Green who lives at Smith's

Springs, makes it a business to prospect for silica crystals, and to hunt. Game is quite plenty in that mountainous region. Mr. Green makes it a business of mining these crystals and taking to the Hot Springs to sell. Hence the name of "Hot Spring Diamonds." In prospecting for crystals a person must understand how to look for them. They lay in veins somewhat similar to mineral veins in mining regions. In the neighborhood where they are found, there will be a blossom; that is, a white silicious stone will be occasionally seen on the surface of the ground. On December the 3d we went prospecting. Mr. Green being a friendly man assisted us. He went about it in such a manner that satisfied me that he understood his business. The ground at that season of the year was covered with fallen leaves. He set fire to them and burned them off in places he thought was good ground and then prospect along the foot of the hill. If he found a loose crystal he would start up the hill and if he found others, it led him to believe that somewhere up the hill a pocket might be found. By observation I discovered stones called pointers protruding above ground. Where there was a supposed lead one should follow it up the hill, until no more crystals was found, then one would know that it was below, and had been passed. Search

should be made by digging down by the side of the pointer stones, the pocket would possibly be found there.

It was then I formed a great desire to know more about geology and set about studying it. We prospected all the forenoon without success, he seemed anxious to find something, and suggested that we go to some place where prospecting had not been done. In the afternoon we started out with our team, through an open wood, picking a way for our wagon. We went about five miles from any habitation back of Deckard mountain, and camped for the night. We prospected that evening without success. In looking around the old gentleman discovered something: "We are in a bear region" he said; "here are signs." We saw none, but when he showed them to us, and gave an explanation they were very plain. We saw where an old log had been turned over out of its old bed. He said: "A bear did that hunting for worms, bugs or anything he could find under the log." The bear performed just opposite to what a man would do. They pull the log to them, by placing the hind feet firmly against the log, reaching over with his huge forepaws, sticking their large sharp claws into the log and pull it to them. Mr. Green told us, that a man by the name of Deckard was

killed there by a bear several years before, and the mountain had ever since went by that name. Not being successful, we returned to the springs. On our way back Mr. Green got a shot at some deer, they being too far away, he failed to get one. Along before noon we reached the springs. I bought some very fine specimens of Green, for which I paid him ten dollars. After bidding adieu to all, we left for Douthits, where we spent the night. Next morning two hours before day, we started for Geigerville; our crystals being quite heavy and the roads bad. We made our return trip to Geigerville on Saturday evening the 5th about sundown. After spending a week in Danville with my brother Thomas, I started for home arriving there the 13th of December, 1884.

In 1886, the Tri-Ennial Conclave of Knights Templar met at St. Louis, September 20th, the Terre Haute Commandery went in a body. The Ringgold band was engaged to accompany us. This was my second outing with them, we had a pleasant time.

My son George B. was married October 23d to Barbary E. Payne. The year of 1887 was a busy year in my profession and I was not out of the state. On October the 1st Grover Cleveland and his wife visited Terre Haute. He was

the first President of the United States I ever saw.

Early in 1888 Calvin Goss deserted his wife; he had been publishing a paper in Bridgeton. He left the office in a bad condition. I bought the outfit and published the paper awhile, but soon got tired of it, however, and sold it. It fell back into my hands several times, but for the present I have got rid of it. During that year the Cincinnati Exposition was held, and several persons from our vicinity visited it. Robert Mitchell, Aquila Rogers and myself and our wives were among those that attended. We were four days in attendance, visited the most noted places in the city, also witnessed the Fall of Babylon, which was on exhibition there at that time.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE TRAVELS.

IN October, 1889, I attended the Tri-Ennial Conclave of Knights Templar held that year at Washington, D. C. This was my first visit East, and I was eager to visit the Capital of the United States, of which I had heard so much from my childhood days. Arriving there on the eve of the 6th, the first thing my attention was called to was the star on the floor in the depot marking the spot where President Garfield stood when he was assassinated by Guiteau. I was anxious to visit many of the noted places, particularly the Capitol building; for grandeur, it was far beyond my expectations. On the 7th I visited several places, among them the Surgical Museum, the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institute, Department of Agriculture and Washington Monument, the second highest structure in the world, being 555 feet in height. On the 8th the grand parade was made. This was great day for the Knights Templars. Benjamin Harrison was President of the United States at that time; he honored the occasion by his presence, there being a grand stand built for that purpose; he saluted the Indiana Knights as we passed.

I wanted to go to Mount Vernon and the best way to get there at that time was by boat on the Potomac river. On the 9th, thousands of people went that way; I was among them. The boat I was on, with its heavy load, could not approach the shore, and lay out in the river in full sight of the home of Washington, and I not able to reach it. For two hours we lay there. Those hours were long ones to me, for I was so anxious to reach that sacred spot. Finally, a boat came to our relief, and I was not long in reaching it. With swift footsteps I hurried to the tomb where the hero of our country and his beloved wife lay, reposing side by side. The tomb was between the landing and the house. From thence we ascended the hill to the house, entering by the kitchen door. In one end was a large fireplace; from one of its jambs hung an old-fashioned crane or trammel, upon which two large pots were suspended. The next room was the library, with book cases against the wall, with a few books in them. From there I went into the room in the north end of the building, where a great many relics are kept. In this room is the noted marble mantelpiece, a present to Washington. It is a beautiful piece of work, and cost several hundred dollars. A broad stairway leads to the second and third story of the building.

In the south room in the second story General Washington expired. The bed upon which he died occupies the same place it did when he breathed his last. The room that General Lafayette occupied when a guest at the house was on the same floor in the north end; there, also, are the rooms occupied by the Custis girls. In the third story, in the south room, immediately over the one where Washington died, is the room in which Martha died about two years later. The rooms are kept nearly as they were when occupied by the illustrious Washington.

Mount Vernon is on a high bluff overlooking the Potomac river, a place that was much admired by Washington. When viewing the spot so sacred it seemed that the spirit of Washington was hovering near, and a peculiar sensation came over me and I felt like I was treading on holy ground, and when the boat signaled her departure I reluctantly departed.

On the 10th I took my last view of the Capitol, a sight worth going many miles to see. The Rotunda is magnificent; I cannot describe its beauty. Standing in the center you see around you eight large paintings representing: (1) The Landing of Columbus, (2) The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, (3) The Baptism of Pocahontas, (4) The Embarkation of the Pilgrims, (5)

The signing of the Declaration of Independence, (6) The Surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, (7) Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, (8) Washington Resigning his Commission. The figures are all lifesize. The paintings cost the government \$74,000. The canopy in the dome was executed by Bromidi in fresco. It is 65½ feet in diameter, and 180 feet from the floor of the Rotunda. *That* cost the Government \$50,000. It is a grand piece of work, and took many years to complete it. In the upper portion of the canopy, in the center, Washington in a sitting posture, is portrayed with Freedom on his right, Victory on his left, and thirteen figures representing the thirteen original states, completing the circle, with their feet resting on the clouded canopy below them. The group below on the outer zone, are: (1) The Fall of Tyranny, (2) Agriculture, (3) Mechanic, (4) Commerce, (5) Marine, (6) Arts and Sciences.

During the year 1890 my wife was confined to her bed paralyzed, I could not leave her. On December 15th my youngest brother, Dr. W. T. Crooks, who lived at Cloverbend, Arkansas was poisoned from drinking wood alcohol, and died from its effects; he was sent back to Bridgeton and was interred at Clear Run cemetery.

In the year 1891 the railroad, which had been

graded into Bridgeton years before and abandoned, was revived by another company.

George D. Cook of Chicago bought land adjoining the town from the estate of Daniel Kalley; I loaned money to Cook to finish paying it out, he giving me a mortgage on the same, with the understanding that I should plat the ground into town lots, to be called Crooks' addition to Bridgeton and to have full control of the matter until my debt was satisfied. This was all carried out.

On May 20th of that year, I with others from Terre Haute went to Owensborro, Kentucky, with the view of taking stock, and forming a hedge-fence company, but the enterprise was abandoned.

On December 13, 1891, my wife after being confined for two years with paralysis died, and was laid away in the Crabb cemetery on the 15th. The beloved wife of my younger days, who had shared with me my joys and sorrows alike, was taken from me. James H. Ward, my wife's brother who had come to visit her during her illness, remained with me until March 28, 1892, when he returned to his home. I accompanied him to Nebo, Illinois. I was absent from home one month visiting my wife's relations who lived in Pike county, Illinois, and at Edgewood, and Mexico, Missouri.

In August, 1892, the Tri-Ennial Conclave of

Knights Templar was held at Denver, Colorado. Terre Haute Commandery occupied rooms on Seventeenth and Glenarm streets. My roommate was Uriah Shewmaker. The grand parade occurred on the 9th. This was a great day in Denver, and thousands of people for miles around flocked to the city, and many from all parts of the United States. On the 10th some of my acquaintances, Aquilla Rogers and wife of Terre Haute, John Hendrix and wife, Mary Cordery and Miss Nickols of Brazil, with thousands of others, took an excursion to Silver Plume, up Clear creek canyon. At least 3,000 persons went that day. I had been up the canyon before. So many going that had never seen the grand scenery before, made it doubly interesting. Clear creek seemed to be putting it on a little, with its fall of 250 feet to the mile, its rapid current, its roaring cataracts as they leaped from rock to rock; its narrow canyon, deep down between its mountain walls rising abruptly on each side, some places huge rocks overhanging the roadbed, numerous deep narrow gulches piercing the main one; its walls of rock, with a variety of shades and colors, ornamented with small pines and spruce wherever they could find a footing. Looking away up at a high point we could see rock resembling an old ruin, with weather-beaten walls, seeming ready to

tumble from their lofty height down upon the train. It is a novel sight to see the train of cars following the short curves of the road-bed up the winding canyon. The engine poking its nose out to the right and then to the left, and at times a person would be led to believe that they were about to cross some other track. No person should ever go to Denver without making a trip up this canyon, and over the loop between Georgetown and Silver Plume. When I first made the trip to Georgetown, in 1881, the railroad did not extend further than that place. In order to reach Silver Plume from Georgetown, which was a little over a mile further up the canyon, the elevation between the two places being 700 feet, a loop was made and some fine engineering done. The road was made to hug the mountain sides, which are sloping at this point. After running some distance it circles to the right. Here the canyon is broader, and the road crosses over to the other side of it, keeping along the side of the hill again and running with a gradual up-grade, but now going in the other direction, when it circles to the right again and crosses back to the other side over itself on a bridge 70 feet high, striking the mountain side higher up, above the other track, passing up beyond the first curve some distance, when it again circles to the right, crosses over the creek to

the other side and circles now to the left, crossing back and forth, the track forming a complete letter S before the elevation is gained.

The distance by rail between Silver Plume and Georgetown is four miles. From this point my party went back to Denver that evening, and I remained at the Plume that night. I wished to go the tunnel. Next day, in company with others from various parts of the United States who had an interest in the enterprise, I went. We hired several conveyances and arrived at the Atlantic-Pacific tunnel at 10:30 a. m. eight miles distant. On arriving, preparations were made for us to explore the tunnel. Each being provided with a suit of clothes and a candle, we traversed the hole that had been made through the solid granite rock. The ladies of our party were conveyed back in dump cars. After going 4,900 feet we arrived at the breast of the tunnel, where we found men at work with diamond drills, driven by compressed air, slowly making their way into the hard granite rock, making about four feet a day. By some mismanagement the tunnel work was abandoned. Since the death of Pomeroy the thing has been in litigation and no work has been done for seven years. The object of this tunnel was two-fold—for mining, and railroad purposes. If ever completed and used for rail-

road purposes it will shorten the route from Denver to Salt Lake City 227 miles.

On our return, we reached Silver Plume about dusk. As we passed down the valley that evening, it was a beautiful sight to see the setting sun gilding the snow-clad peaks while the rain was pouring down on the Big Professor mountain. I spent the night in the Plume. The next morning as I lay in my bed, looking out of the window, I beheld the Gray mountain side looming up 1,900 feet above me. I returned to Denver that morning. The sun was shining brightly, and the pure mountain air gave enjoyment to the wild scene.

On the following Monday our party visited Manitou, and returning to Denver that evening; next day we left for home, going by the way of Omaha.

In the following year March 15th, 1893, Lila F. Martin and I were married, she was much younger than myself. She has made me a good wife, and companion, as I pass down the shady hillside of life, and strives to make my home pleasant. The World's fair at Chicago was our first outing. On June the 18th we started, going by the way of Benton Harbor, Michigan. We crossed Lake Michigan from that point to Chicago. The afternoon was beautiful and the trip was delightful. The steamer in which we made the trip, was the Chicora, which was afterwards

lost in a storm on the lake. Although considerable time and labor was spent in searching for the lost steamer, not a vestige was ever discovered afterward. We spent fifteen days in visiting the fair and Midway Plaisance and returned home the way we went. On October 23, I again visited the fair in company with W. H. Pruitt and remained to the last day. That day had a gloom over it; Mayor Harrison had been assassinated by the crank Pendergast.

During President Cleveland's last administration, I was appointed one of the examining surgeons on the pension board held at Rockville. My co-workers were Dr. Caplinger, of Marshall, and Dr. R. C. Peare of Bellmore, both good men. Our first meeting was held on the 30th of August, 1893. I continued to hold the office of president of the board, until the dominant party came into power, and informed me that my services were needed no longer.

In 1894, May the 4th, I made my first visit to my daughter, Mrs. Clara M. Harshbarger who was married to Ira J. Harshbarger April 5, 1880, whose home is at Milton, West Virginia. I spent two weeks with them, and formed very pleasant acquaintances. On my return, when I arrived at Huntington, West Virginia, I took passage on a steamer to Cincinnati, Ohio.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

ON the 31st day of January, 1895, I went to Florida to spend the winter. The morning of our departure from home, snow was on the ground and the thermometer stood at zero. Our party consisted of ten persons. William Joiner of Rockville; S. P. Crooks and Mrs. Crooks, New Discovery; John Lollis and Mrs. Lollis, Catlin; John Thorpe, Benjamin Hawkins and Mrs. Hawkins, Jessup; and myself and wife. We arrived at Jacksonville, Florida, on the morning of February 2d, and the temperature was 70 degrees. During our short stay in Jacksonville, Mr. Joiner was relieved of \$80, by having his pockets picked. On the 4th our party went to St. Augustine, the oldest city in the United States. Here, my mind was given up to the associations of that place. Aged things always have a charm for me; the sturdy oak that has withstood the cold and stormy blasts of a thousand winters; or the bleak mountain peak which has warded off the thunder bolts of ages has a place in my thoughts.

History informs us that Ponce DeLeon, a bold navigator, went in search of the Fountain of

Youth and made a landing on the east coast of Florida, on the third day of April, 1512. He was a companion of Columbus. He gave the name of Florida to the country, on account of his landing on the Sunday, which the Spaniards called *Pasqua Florida*, "Flowery Easter." On his return to Spain he met a beautiful titled lady; he became very much enamored with her. He being old and the lady young, was the great obstacle that stood in the way of their union. He went in search of that wonderful spring of which he had heard, in order to restore his youth, that he might return to Spain and claim his bride. His search was fruitless; after the hardships he endured, and the treasures he spent did not succeed in accomplishing the great desire of his heart but he found only death by the hand of a savage. He fell, mortally wounded by an arrow, and was carried aboard ship where he died. His remains were taken to Cuba and there interred. On the 16th of September 1562, the site of the old fort at St. Augustine was chosen. In 1585 the old fort which now stands upon the site was built.

On our arrival at St. Augustine we crossed Mantanzas bay by boat, and Anastasia Island, a distance of three miles, by rail, to the beach. On this island the lighthouse is situated. Its height is 165 feet, and a spiral stairway leads to the top.

The keepers are particular to keep the place clean. Some one of the party happened to spit upon one of the steps and our whole party got a lecturing for it. Here one obtains a fine view of the Atlantic ocean. It was the first time I ever saw it. Here the great line of breakers following each other in close succession can be seen to advantage in their grandeur and magnificence, sounding like distant thunder as they crash against the shore. Our party spent a short time quite pleasantly gathering shells along the shore. On our return to the little city we first visited the old fort. When one views the old Spanish fort for the first time, at the north end of the sea wall, guarding Mantanzas bay they are satisfied from its external appearance that its brown weather-beaten coquina walls have performed their office for a long time. If it could talk, what a terrible tale it could tell. When we look back to the time when Menendez came sailing up Mantanzas bay 337 years ago with his little Spanish fleet to plant a colony there, one can hardly comprehend the miseries and pleasures that have clustered around that spot where now stands St. Augustine, with its 5,000 inhabitants, big hotels and fine churches. It is, perhaps, one among the greatest resorts for tourists on the continent.

Now I will endeavor to tell something of the history and description of old Fort Marion. When it was first constructed it filled all the requirements. Its arrangements were ample and up to date, but at the present day its battlements and walls would not for an hour withstand the shot from our modern guns. The old fort was built of coquina, in Spanish meaning "shellrock," which rock is composed of shells. On three sides of the structure is an artificial hill of earth, and a mote surrounding it from thirty to forty feet wide which could be filled with water at a moment's notice from a canal running from the bay. At high tide the gates were shut down and a reserve of water kept within, in case of emergency. There is but one entrance to the fort, which is provided with heavy doors—a bridge led across the ditch to the sallyport. Over this door is the escutcheon bearing the arms of Spain. Beneath is an inscription giving the date the building was constructed, and the names of the architects. Within its walls are many apartments. The first was used as a council chamber. The next room of historic importance is the chapel. The adjoining rooms were used as dormitories and to keep records of the colonies, and for condemned prisoners to hear mass before they were executed, for no condemned prisoner was allowed to enter the

chapel. This old chapel is full of historic reminiscences; some of the brightest and most patriotic of the Spanish clergy have celebrated mass within its walls. The next room that has a history is the Pennaharrach.

I was informed that this room was used for the punishment of prisoners. There can be seen in that room where six crosses have been fastened to the wall on the right-hand side of the room and one large cross at the end. In this room ordinary prisoners were punished. They were chained under the crosses in such a manner that they were held in a standing position, so that they could neither sit nor lie down. This room was triangular in form. The adjoining room is five feet wide at the east end and seven feet at the west end twenty feet long, arched over head and fifteen feet high in the center of the arch. Instruments of torture, racks and cross timbers were found in this room, and is supposed to have been used for the punishment of prisoners in extreme cases. This room had been closed up with a wall, and was accidentally discovered in the year 1835, fourteen years after it had been in possession of the United States. A heavy cannon was being moved across a hidden manhole, which gave way and exposed to view this room. On entering the room they found an opening closed by an iron door

leading to another apartment, on opening it they found another iron door on the opposite side of the wall forming a double door, and could only be opened on the opposite side from which it had been closed. This, when opened, passed into a room thirteen feet wide, twenty feet long and ceiling seven feet high. This gloomy apartment was entered through an aperture three feet wide and thirty inches high, making it a very inconvenient place to pass through. I went into this room and a peculiar sensation came over me—I felt that it was the most horrible place I ever entered. This apartment has been a wonder to many. This dismal place has a tradition which has been disputed.

The story goes that when the room was opened, two skeletons, one of a man and the other of a woman were found in iron cages fastened to the wall. The only evidence left are the places made in the wall where the cages were fastened. When the doors were closed this dismal place was devoid of light, and the ventilation would be to the point of suffocation. My party became restless and wanted to be going and had hard work to get me started. After going a short distance I missed my spectacles and I went back to hunt for them. I met the officer in charge and told him of my loss; he said that there had been many

articles lost there and that he had found and returned to the owners over \$3,000 worth of property and told particularly of a woman who lost a diamond pin, a keepsake, worth \$900, which she missed before she left the fort. They made diligent search for it, but were unable to find it. He told her he was almost sure she had lost it in the dungeon, that it was best not to disturb anything in there, that the pin might be covered up and never found. She agreed to this and went away. Every time he entered the place he carried a light and looked for a sparkle. About seven months after, on entering the place, his light fell upon the diamond and he saw the sparkling gem, and picked it up out of the dirt. It had been stepped upon and the fastenings damaged. He took it to a jeweler, had it repaired and sent it to the lady who lived in Iowa and who was very thankful to get her lost property back. He remarked that when anything was lost there he always took their address.

The old ancient gateway, the relic of Spanish days of the sixteenth century had my next attention. The pillars of the gateway through the ancient walls only remain as a notable monument of the past. The walls are gone, the town has out-grown them. This gateway and walls in ancient days looked out on an illimitable wilder-

ness infested with savages; the benighted traveler hurried within them to seek secure shelter; the town slept securely when the Banar Gate was closed against midnight foes without. More than once have they trembled with the shock of assault. To-day dismantled and useless, the sentry boxes are empty, the gate is broken down. For its historical associations, the old picturesque ruins linger. The gateway of no value only as a cherished land-mark. They once defended the Spanish garrison, and the only one in Florida. The wall was surrounded by a canal, and the entrance to the city through the gate, was by a draw-bridge across the canal. On each side of the gate were stationed guards within the sentry boxes, and on the inside the gate was a detachment of soldiers. At sundown a cannon was fired, the bridge was raised, the gates barred, and all passing in and out ceased for the night, and under no circumstances, unless by governmental orders were they opened until morning.

A sea wall extending from Fort Marion to the United States barracks, built of coquina and capped with New England granite ten feet high, and three feet thick, was built to protect the town from the inroads of the sea, costing the government \$100,000. A short distance further south is situated the military cemetery. In this ceme-

tery are three low pyramids of masonry forming the tombs of officers and men who lost their lives in the Seminole war. History says: "At half past nine o'clock Tuesday morning, August 28, 1835, Major Dade and his 110 men were surprised and massacred by the Indians. They were marching through an open pine barren, four miles from the great Wahoo swamp. The sun was shining, flowers were blooming along the path, gay butterflies flitted about them. The silence was only broken by the æolian melody of the pines. The men were marching carelessly along, with no suspicion of danger, where surely no foe could lurk. Suddenly, without an instant of warning, from pines and palmetto scrub, from the very grass at their feet burst the shrill war-whoop, the flashing and cracking of rifles, and the whistling of deadly bullets. Sixty of the men fell, mortally wounded. The rest rallied, trained the cannon, and attempted to form breastworks of logs, but in vain. In quick succession one after another they fell. Of the 110 men all were killed but three, who, miserably wounded, dragged themselves away, two soon to die of their wounds 'and only one man was left to tell the tale.'"

On the morning of the sixth we left Jacksonville to go further south. Before leaving home I

had made an arrangement for entertainment with a party at Elsey, near the Gulf Hammock, where it was reported there was good hunting and fishing. After going to that place our party was greatly dissatisfied and instead of stopping a month we only stopped one day. Things were not as they were represented. On the evening following we boarded the train for Cedar Keys, twenty miles further south on the gulf. We stopped with a man by the name of Launt for two weeks. Here we feasted on fish and oysters. His wife was an excellent cook, and Cedar Keys has the finest oysters on the Gulf of Mexico. The evening of the seventh it turned cold and ice froze a half inch thick, and the orange trees were killed nearly all over the state of Florida. The people there were poorly provided with stoves and it looked funny to see men, without distinction of race or color, build up heaps of logs in the streets, set them a-fire and stand around them to keep warm. All the time we were at Cedar keys the weather was cold, excepting the day before we left. It being a fine day, John Lollis and myself engaged Captain Coachman, a trusty man to handle a sail boat to take us to Sea Horse island, one of the ten islands forming the Cedar Keys, paying him thirty-five cents an hour for his services. Mrs. Launt, Mrs. Lollis and my wife forming the party. Sea Horse

island was four and a half miles away and we had a pleasant outing.

The Island embraces about seventy acres, and belongs to the United States. The shape of the island is oblong, twice as long as it is wide and a ridge rises to the height of forty-five feet above sea level and extends the whole length of the island, a beautiful beach encircled it and the slope is gradually up all round it. The lighthouse is situated on top of the highest point on the ridge. Only two families live on the island, and they attend to the lighthouse. All lighthouses are regulated by means of clock work. Each lighthouse has its own particular signal so that the mariner if lost in the dark can tell by referring to his chart what lighthouse it is. This lighthouse flashed its light fifteen miles twice every minute as regular as the time came round, all the night long. One of the coast defences during the Civil War was here. We saw an old abandoned cannon lying behind an old breastwork as a witness to the fact. A person not accustomed to such delightful scenery becomes almost fascinated at the prospect before him. To the south lay the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico; the island surrounded by a beach as smooth as a floor, composed of beautiful white sand, the hill sloping gently upward covered with

cabbage palmetto, magnolias, sweetbay and sparkleberry. Standing on this elevated spot in the month of February beneath these tropical trees all clothed in living green, makes one feel that they were next door to paradise, especially when they have been used to a northern clime.

The sun was shining that day in all its splendor. We had a pleasant sail back to Cedar Keys. After feasting on fish and oysters for two weeks we located at Gainesville, arriving there on the 22d day of February and remained there until the 5th of April. We rented rooms of Miss Ora Seigle and did light housekeeping. Our family consisted of five persons—Ben Hawking and wife, John Thorpe, and myself and wife. Nothing of particular interest transpired during our stay there; we fished a little and shot at alligators. On one occasion we attended a fish-fry at the Sink, on Alachua lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Lollis, William Joiner and Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Crooks boarded. Mr. Amos Young, wife and mother fell in with us at Cedar Keys. They came to Gainesville and rented rooms. Mr. Joiner did not tarry long but came home before we did. On our return trip we stopped at Jacksonville, Atlanta, and Chattanooga, Tennessee.

At Dalton, Georgia, we bought "Polly" the parrot. While at Chattanooga, we visited Lookout

Mountain, going up by rail. We saw where the Union soldiers went up a very steep declivity and took the enemy by surprise. As we went down the mountain, we went by hack and saw some very fine scenery. On the 10th of April we arrived at home.

Not having been at Michigan City since I was a small boy, on June 27, 1895, I took advantage of an excursion going there. I was anxious to see that place after an absence of over half century. Even the sand hills that I had often climbed did not look natural. The hill now called "Hoosier Slide" had melted away, and very little of it left. I absented myself from my party and was not with them during the day. I went to the mouth of Trail creek. A great change had taken place; nothing reminded me of its former appearance. I went to the top of the sand hills that line the beach and traveled over them some distance to where I used to gather huckleberries, but there was nothing there to remind me of former days. The huckleberry, the wintergreen, and the chokcherry were not there; I felt like my former associations had departed and I came away disappointed. I saw none of the city, as the day was spent upon the hills, others visited the town and penitentiary.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EAST AGAIN.

THE year of 1895 was an outing year with me. On the 24th of August I went with my commandery from Terre Haute to attend the Tri-Ennial Conclave of Knights Templar which was held in Boston, Massachusetts. Dr. Mater, Mrs. Mater, Henriette Albright and my wife were the party from Bridgeton. On our way we spent one day at Niagara Falls. The first sight of it was a disappointment; my expectations had been too great, but the rapids and whirlpool were wonderful and made up for all.

On the 26th we reached Boston about noon, and located on Massachusetts Ave. Miss Albright roomed with us. On the 27th the grand parade occurred. From our window we viewed the grand display of plumed knights and bands of music. For number and grandeur it far exceeded anything that I had ever witnessed. From 10 o'clock a. m. until 5 o'clock p. m., seven hours, it took the procession to pass, our party sitting there during the whole time. The Californians, mounted on black horses, brought up the rear. I counted 127 brass bands in the procession beside the drum corps. On the 27th we crossed the famous Boston

Harbor, where the tea had been thrown overboard, to Nantasket beach. Here we got a glimpse of the Atlantic Ocean the second time. My wife and Miss Albright pulled off their shoes and waded in a short distance. On our return we visited the spot where the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought. Stones mark the spot where the breast-works once stood. Col. Prescott's statue stands near the monument.

On the next day we visited Cambridge, now a suburb of Boston; we were in the old church that was built from material that was brought from England. We saw the pew that was occupied by Washington and his wife. We were shown where a bullet had made its way into the door facing. The church was confiscated by the American army, and the pipes of the organ melted and run into bullets. During a meeting in this house General Washington received the intelligence that he had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the American army. Just a few yards away, still stands an old elm tree, at the roots of which he stood on July 3, 1775 and received his commission to enter upon the duties of his office. On the exact spot where he stood, stands a granite tablet, on which is an inscription recording the fact. The ravages of time have begun to tell upon that old tree; long may it live as a shrine

where national patriotism may be awakened and consecrated. When its body falls into decay, it should be replaced by a monument which shall be worthy of the great event, that it has had the honor of filling, and ages hence, cause it to thrill the heart of every loyal son of the Republic.

Not very far away from here is the home of Longfellow, where we drank water from his well. It is a spacious old mansion, painted yellow and white. Longfellow came into possession of it in 1837. This old house has an interesting history. It was built in 1757, by Col. John Vassal, who abandoned and left it on the eve of the Revolution. It was confiscated, and Washington used it as his headquarters, when he came to Cambridge. There is a beautiful little park just opposite and across the street. The ground was purchased by penny contributions from school children, and is called Longfellow's Park.

From here we went to Mt. Auburn cemetery where I saw the graves of many noted men. The first was Longfellow's and is situated on Indian Ridge, and at the foot of the hill nearby is the grave of James Russel Lowell, marked only by a plain marble slab. I saw the grave of Agassiz marked by a rough granite stone, that he himself had imported from Europe several years before his death for the purpose for which it is

used, the only word placed thereon was, Agassiz. When we left Boston we took the Fall River route, and boarded a steamer for New York up Long Island sound. Our boat was called the "Pilgrim." We tarried at New York two days and visited several noted places. We looked upon Cleopatra's Needle, which was presented by the Khedive of Egypt, and is 2,000 years older than Christianity. On the side that once faced toward the African desert, the hieroglyphic inscriptions were nearly defaced by the sandstorms that had beat against it. We visited Central Park, and Fifth Avenue, and saw the Vanderbilt residences. We stopped in Philadelphia for only a short time. Our next stop was at Washington, D. C., where we visited several noted places, and spent a part of one day at Mt. Vernon, taking the electric railway from Alexandria, which had been built since my former visit there. On our return to Alexandria, in company with Attorney Albert Payne, of Brazil, we visited Alexandria Lodge of F. & A. M. General Washington was a member of this lodge at the time of his death, and at one time was Worshipful Master. To any lover of the Craft, an hour or two can be spent very pleasantly in this Lodge room. I greatly enjoyed the visit and we were shown many of the relics, for many fine ones cover the walls there. Many of which

were once the property of General Washington. The apron presented him by Lafayette is on exhibition, kept in a glass case suspended against the wall. A clock belonging to Washington at the time of his death is to be seen there. As the General was breathing his last the attending physician stepped in where the clock was, cut the cord that held the weight and the clock stopped. The hands point to 20 minutes after 10 o'clock, and shows the very minute he died. Many relics are owned by the lodge too tedious to mention, which, if sold, would bring fabulous prices.

We left Washington at 8 o'clock p. m. over the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad for Indiana, stopping one day at Cincinnati, Ohio.

The following year, 1896, was a quiet year for me. I took a notion to visit some of my relatives who lived at Greentown and Marion, Indiana. My cousin, C. W. Johnson, living at Greentown, whom I had not seen for several years, joined me and we went to Marion to see other relatives; Samuel Piles, who has since died, was among them. This was presidential campaign year, McKinley and Bryan being the standard bearers.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM MOBILE TO SAN FRANCISCO.

THINKING a trip to the South would be of benefit to my health, I left home on February 16, 1897, for Mobile, Alabama. Our company consisted of Lucinda Jeffries, Nancy Martin, S. F. Mitchell, S. P. Crooks and wife, and myself and wife. We left Terre Haute the 17th and arrived the following evening at our destination. Mrs. Martin, my wife's mother, got very sick from riding on the train. Immediately on arriving we rented a suite of rooms of Mrs. Hannah Sughi, on the corner of St. Joseph and St. Michael streets. Our landlady was a very rigid Catholic, and lived strictly up to her profession. She was kind-hearted and showed us many favors during our stay. They had four Masonic lodges, chapter, and Commandery, and I was a regular attendant. Mobile is a fine place to visit. Mrs. Jeffries was somewhat disappointed in the climate, as it was not as warm as she expected. There was quite a change, for people could be seen under magnolias and live-oaks in the park seeming to enjoy themselves. Business was lively and a great deal of shipping was done to various

parts of the world. Large sailing vessels and steamships were seen lying at the wharf.

To see the great quantities of bananas that are brought there in ships from Central America would surprise many. One would be led to believe that the supply would be greater than the demand. There are at least 30,000 bunches unloaded at Mobile every week during the banana season. The unloading is systematised, thus: The fruit is divided into three different grades, according to its ripeness, and sorted as it is taken from the vessel, and each bunch is inspected by two persons at the end of the gang plank, and if a defective one is discovered it is plucked off and cast aside. The first two classes are carried direct to the cars, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad to be shipped north. A ship load would fill several cars. The ripe ones are taken to the banana house near by to supply the local trade. I got so I could hardly bear the sight of a banana. The Mobile ship landing is three miles long up and down the Alabama river. Since the government had the river dredged the largest ships can land along the wharf. There is a direct line of ships to Liverpool, England. Large ships are capable of carrying immense loads. One was loaded while I was there, carrying away 17,000 bales of cotton to Liverpool, England. All manner of

water crafts, from the smallest fishing boat to the largest ship or steamer can be seen there. There are many things to be seen that are very interesting to persons who live inland.

The negro race comprises over half of the population, and many of them very ignorant and superstitious, and believe they can be hoo-dood, and as a preventive, the left hind-foot of a graveyard rabbit, killed in a country graveyard on the 13th of the month, in the dark of the moon at midnight, by a red headed, cross-eyed, bow-legged, left-handed "nigger" riding on a white horse! I saw that kind advertised for sale by one firm in Mobile.

While in that city I visited the National Cemetery, where 1,000 Union soldiers lie. I saw a few that were from Indiana. On a tablet on the inside of the enclosure the following verse was inscribed, which until that time I had never seen. The place that I saw it impressed me:—

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

While at Mobile we witnessed the Mardi-Gras, which they claim originated there. From morn until far in the night, children, middle-

aged and elderly people of all sexes and color were seen on the streets in mask. The knights of Revelry in their beautiful floats came out in the afternoon, and the order of Myths, at night, in their gorgeous array were beyond description. A few days before our departure, the national meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held there. Our stay in Mobile was an enjoyable one. We came home on the 28th of April, being absent two months and a half.

The year of 1897 was another outing year. On the 28th of June, we started for California. The Christian Endeavor people had very cheap excursion rates to San Francisco, and we took advantage of it. We arrived at Denver on the evening of July 1st and remained two days. On Saturday evening July the 3d we went to Manitou; July 4th at noon we started on our journey towards the setting sun. Our route was over the Denver and Rio Grand R. R. to Ogden; the distance from Denver to Ogden being 784 miles.

A funny little circumstance occurred at Colorado Springs. There was a great rush for the cars when the trains arrived at the different stopping places, the crowd being so great, and the cars already so crowded it made traveling unpleasant. Section after section followed each about forty minutes apart. We made a rush for the first

that had come and not finding sitting room, we got off to wait for the next. I spoke to my wife and said that I thought we had better get on again and run our chances of getting seats. I did so expecting her to follow, but she did not hear me. I deposited my grip and came out on the platform, by this time the train had started and moving off rapidly; I looked across to the platform in front of the depot and discovered my wife and Miss Nancy Cox who was accompanying us on our trip, standing there unconcerned and I leaving them behind. For a moment I scarcely knew what to do, for my wife had the tickets. I hurried as fast as I could through the thirteen well filled coaches until I met the conductor and told him the condition of affairs. He said, "Your face is good," and I rode from Colorado Springs to Pueblo, forty-five miles without a ticket. On arriving at Pueblo I got off and waited forty minutes for the next section. On that my wife came and we were again united, and have tried to remain so ever since.

From Pueblo we bore westward up the Arkansas river, and began to strike the foothills of the Rockies. After passing Canyon City we soon entered the Royal Gorge and had the satisfaction of passing through it before night came on. The Royal Gorge is a large fissure, formed by some

great natural cause; through it the Arkansas river flows. It has, during the remote ages of the past, cut its way down through rock, or the mountains were rent in twain during some "shake-up." The river flowing and rushing on with great rapidity, seeming eager to join the great Father of Waters, and be lost forever in the great bosom of the Gulf of Mexico. So narrow is this mighty chasm, there is scarcely room for the river and the railroad track. When the first examination was made by engineers, it was thought to be impracticable to build a railroad through it. Great ledges of granite rock, with their mighty bulk, blocked the way. In time, however, these obstructions were blasted away, and a roadbed was made closely hugging the cliffs. When the train enters this mighty chasm, it moves slowly along the side of the river and around the projecting shoulders of the dark-hued granite, and as it enters the mighty fissure the crested crags grow higher until they reach the height of 2,627 feet. Far above the road the sky forms a blue arch of light, but the gorge hangs in dark and somber shadows, where the sun's rays never penetrate its solitude; the rushing sound of the waters of the river only disturbs its silent walls. The length of the Royal Gorge is seven miles. Some distance after we pass this mighty natural wonder, we see noth-

ing new, and night coming on the view is thus off. At midnight we reached Leadville and the people were celebrating the Fourth of July with skyrockets and Roman candles.

The elevation of Leadville is 10,200 feet above the sea level. At Tennessee Pass, six miles west of Leadville, we reach the highest point over which this road passes, it being 10,416 feet above the sea. From here we begin to descend; the road passing down Eagle canyon. As we went out, it was in the night, but when we returned it was day time and we got a good view of it, and there was some very fine scenery. At the town of Ruby, we enter the state of Utah where the elevation was only 4,510 feet above sea level. From here the mountains have a different formation and the stratifications are more regular; the stone having distinct seams, forming the stones into more shapely blocks. As we pass them on the train, and view them in the distance they look like old decaying castles; some resembling old mansions with out-buildings, others like spires rising upward, while the sides of the wall were decorated after the fashion of pilasters. Broad plains are beginning to appear; not a tree, not a bird, not a living thing to enliven the scene, but everything desolate. No prairie dogs are seen west of the Rockies. One hundred and eighty-

five miles from Salt Lake City at the crossing of Green river, there is a town by that name. There we saw people celebrating the 4th of July on the 5th, Monday. The ceremony was very unique and reminded me of one of the old kind of patriotic displays, made by our fathers as far back as I can recollect. The procession consisted of one horseman the marshal, followed by six footmen, a fife and drum and one carrying a flag. Next came a hack load of people of both sexes, behind this a wagon drawn by two horses filled with persons, one carrying the stars and stripes. That was all there was of it. They marched out of the village a quarter of a mile, and turned around and marched back in the same order. Our train made a stop here for several minutes, and the passengers gave them a few hearty cheers. That evening we reached Salt Lake City. We stopped with a Mormon Elder by the name of Hampton; he appeared to be a gentleman in every way. He and his wife were both fine specimens of humanity.

On the following morning, at the request of some friends at home, I looked up Thomas C. Bailey, formerly Adjutant of the 14th Indiana regiment. I found him confined to his bed, where he had lain for six weeks, with chronic rheumatism. After visiting him we went to Fort Doug-

las in the forenoon. In the afternoon Benjamin Nickerson, who lives there, took us around and showed us the city and accompanied us to Salt Lake, a distance of eighteen miles by rail from the city. In going out to Salt Lake we cross the river Jordan, a small stream that runs out of Lake Utah into Salt Lake, as its namesake does, out of the Sea of Galilee into the Dead Sea. The favors shown us by Mr. Nickerson were a great advantage to us, as we were expecting to leave Salt Lake City the next day in the afternoon and had made up our minds to visit the lake the following morning. He informed us that there was no train run out there in the forenoon and if we expected to go to the lake we would have to go that evening. We took the train and visited the Great Salt Lake.

Two prominent places are visited there, The Garfield Beach and Saltair. We went to Saltair. Never did I expect to bathe in Salt Lake, but I did. I procured bathing suits for myself, wife and Miss Cox, and took a refreshing bath in the "Dead Sea" of the Latterday Saints. The water of this lake is so strongly impregnated with salt and other chemicals that a person's body will float on its surface. A person, by crossing the arms under the head and lying upon the back, will float and repose seemingly as on a bed. The

specific gravity of the water is 1.107, while pure water alone is 1.000. In stepping down into it, a person has to be extremely careful, for it seems his feet are going to "fly up" under him. Salt Lake is 126 miles in length and 50 miles in breadth, its average depth is only 20 feet, it covers an area of 2,500 square miles, and has within its boundary several large islands. The nearest to the resort is Antelope island, eighteen miles in length, it has fresh water springs, and good range for stock, and fine beds of guano.

Stanbury, in his report of his survey of Salt Lake, speaks of making an experiment of the properties of the water for the purpose of preserving meat. A large piece of fresh beef was suspended by a cord and immersed in the lake for twelve hours, and he found it to be tolerably well cured. After this, all the beef he wished preserved was treated that way while operating on the lake. Although constantly exposed to the sun, it kept sweet, and no other preparation was necessary. When at Salt Lake City we were told of a man who went in bathing in the lake; his clothes were found upon the shore. He was missing two years; during that time his wife tried to recover on a policy on his life, but had no positive proof of his death. One day his body had floated near the shore and was discovered in a

good state of preservation after being in the lake two years.

The Mormons made a good selection when they settled there. The soil is fairly good, the climate fine, the salt air bracing, and very strongly impregnated with salt; no doubt it would be beneficial to bronchial affections. Our stay at Salt Lake City was too short. Before leaving I visited the Lion House. In that house Brigham Young died. He had three different residences: The Lion, the Beehive and the Gardø. The Lion House is known by a large lion over the door. In that house I saw one of Young's wives; she said she was among one of his first. The Temple is a grand edifice, and is built of the finest polished granite. Its foundation was laid April 6, 1853, and finished in 1893, just forty years in building. It is two hundred feet long, one hundred feet wide, and its walls are one hundred feet high and eight feet thick. The eastern tower is two hundred and thirty-five feet high. The cost of the building is estimated at \$2,500,000. The Tabernacle is one hundred and fifty feet by two hundred feet, oval in form, and has a self-supporting roof. It will comfortably seat 12,000 people. By its construction, the speaker can be distinctly heard to its remotest part. While there I saw it tested. When everything is still, the dropping of a pin

or a low whisper can be heard to the farthest part of the house.

On Sunday, the 4th day of July, 1897, Salt Lake City was given bodily over to the Christian Endeavor people. They held their meeting in the Tabernacle; over 13,000 people were in attendance, all standing room was taken. At night a Mormon preacher occupied it. He gave a history of the church, told of the hardships they endured while passing through the wilderness on their way to the promised land, also their hardships for years after. In the afternoon of July 7 we left Salt Lake City for Ogden, thirty-seven miles west, where we again changed cars for the last time on our trip going. Looking from the car window, after passing Ogden, the geologist can see in that region thrilling geological history. Along the foothills can be seen the water-marks of a vast pre-historic inland sea, which is now shrunk to the small proportions of Salt Lake. Two hours after leaving Ogden night again closed in the scene. Our travel through Nevada was partly in the night. Nearly all the way over a desert waste. Plains where lakes once existed, but now long extinct, and yet to this day so much salt and other alkaline matter remains in the earth that vegetation cannot grow. At White Plains and vicinity are hills of pure salt. At Humbolt

there is a deposit of pure brimstone, of which I obtained specimens. Through this region there is nothing to gratify the eye—only snow-clad peaks away off in the distance. On the evening [of the 8th we stopped at a little town—I have forgotten the name, and the Endeavor people got out on the platform and were singing. An old lady came out of her house to the gate, the house was about fifty yards away. The singing filled her soul with happiness, and she called to them to come to her gate to sing. They complied with her request, and all had a happy time for a few minutes. She told them she had not heard such beautiful music for a long time. She gave them all the buttermilk they could drink.

The highest point we passed over in going through Nevada was 5,205 above sea level, that was near Toana near the east line. The average height through the state is not over 4,500 feet. Near Verdi we crossed over into California a distance from Frisco of 236 miles. At Wadsworth night came again, when morning came we were ascending the Sierra Nevada range. These mountains are beautiful; as the grade grows steeper, the traveler may prepare himself to see striking scenery after passing the dreary waste. For fifty miles the ascent continues. From Reno the road follows the course of the Truckee river,

its course is winding, the road quickly changes from side to side, giving a fine view of the foaming water, cliffs, and pine-clad mountains. These mountains being clothed with bright green ever-green trees makes the scenery fine. The summit is at last reached, the altitude 7,027 feet above ocean level. As we pass along over this tortuous route, creeping around the shoulder of some mountain spur, looking down from our giddy height, in a deep chasm below on a mountain stream as it flows swiftly downward over rocks, winding its way through a deep defile, and then to see some little mountain rivulet, with its clear water leaping downward over the mountain side from rock to rock, with its silver spray throwing off its mist, seeming eager to join the larger stream below, is a sight calculated to fill the eye of one who likes to view the beauty of nature.

On the very top of the Sierras large stately pine trees grow. After we begin to make our descent the west side of the mountain, a great change is visible. We see orchards some miles before we reach Sacramento City; boys are selling fruit to the passengers,—apricots, peaches and figs. After passing Sacramento, orchards become numerous, fruit on the trees, fields of grain, and one begins to feel he is in God's country. At last we arrive at Oakland, cross the

bay four miles on a ferryboat, and we are in the City of the Golden Gate. We take cars up town and find nicely furnished rooms at the Navarre, 405 Gerry street, and we have reached the end of our long journey, after being on the road eleven days. The city of San Francisco is a delightful place. Florida has been claimed as the "land of flowers," but it cannot compare with California. Here we find them in endless varieties, and many I never saw before. The fruit is what strikes a person's fancy; cherries as large as plums, figs, plums, peaches, pears, apples, apricots, oranges, lemons, strawberries, blackberries and grapes. On Saturday 11th we visited the Cliff House and Sutro baths. They have a bath house, museum and a stage for theatricals and a pool for aquatic performances, all in the same building. Here we spent several hours. Near the Cliff House are the seal rocks, on which may be seen numerous sea lions clambering over the rocks plunging into the water, and roaring with delight, in tones that can be distinctly heard above the breaking of the surf against the rocks and shore. They are protected by the state law, and not allowed to be molested. They are seemingly fearless. By the aid of a field-glass they can be distinctly seen, and may also be seen with the naked eye. One sea lion much larger than the balance was pointed

out to us as Mrs. Ben Butler and is supposed to weigh over 2,000 pounds. Ben Butler her mate who held sway over all others and was seen by the first white man that visited the coast, and was supposed to be 125 years old. In 1885 he got worsted in a fight, came ashore in a dying condition having succumbed to a stronger power. This monster may be seen at Sutro's. His carcass weighed over 2,000 pounds. Just above the Cliff House on the hill is Sutro's gardens where persons are admitted free. From that point, one can get a good view of the seal rocks and seals and have a fine view of the Pacific ocean.

Another great place that we visited was the Golden Gate park, which covers more than a thousand acres of land, one-half of which is laid out in drives, walks, flower beds and lawns. In front of the music stand is a fine statue of Francis Scott Key, author of the "Star Spangled Banner." On the 14th of July we crossed over to Oakland and took the narrow-gauge road for San Jose the county seat of Santa Clara county, forty-eight miles southeast of 'Frisco, arriving there at 4 o'clock p. m. I went there for the purpose of visiting my cousin Samuel R. Johnson, of whom I have heretofore spoken. He made inquiry about many of the people of Parke county, more particularly about Cyrus Goss of Bellmore, who

was his old teacher, and the best instruction he ever received was from him, he said. A common-school education was all he ever got. He asked me if Goss was living. I told him he was not. At the time of our visit Mr. Johnson had lived in San Jose twelve years. He had seen California before and he was delighted with the country. He sold out his possessions in Omaha, and bought a ranch in Santa Clara county and located there. Santa Clara county is the garden spot of California. Here he engaged in the fruit culture, and owns a ranch of 300 acres, as finely situated and as beautiful as ever the sun shone on. Two hundred acres of this is in French prunes and the balance is in grapes and other fruits. But he pays the most attention to French prunes. One year he shipped forty-one tons of this fruit, the product of thirty-three acres, for which he received the handsome sum of \$11,600. When we were there the drying season had just begun and things were putting on a lively appearance.

On large ranches about ten acres are reserved for drying purposes, for the fruit is all dried in the sun. People for fifty miles around flock into these valleys, live in tents during the fruit season for the purpose of gathering and cutting fruits, and when the season is over return to their homes. A description of the mode of drying will not be

out of place here. After the fruit is split and the seed extracted, it is laid on trays eight feet long and four feet wide, which are laid end to end and side by side until acres are covered. Before being placed in the sun the cut fruit is fumigated after being placed on the trays, with burning sulphur for two hours or more in a little fumigating house built for that purpose. This gives the fruit a nice color when dried, and also has a tendency to keep out worms. Prunes are dried on the seed and require a different process. The fruit is first immersed in hot lye, then washed with pure water and put in the sun to dry. After the fruit is dried it is put up in bulk, where it passes through a sweat, and is afterwards sunned again; it is then ready for the market. Mr. Johnson drove out with us every day in his carriage, and we got to see a great deal of that lovely valley, besides deriving from him much valuable information. The people of California strive to excel each other in fine houses, and there are many fine ones in that valley.

We passed the home of Mrs. S. L. Winchester, widow of the Winchester rifle man, which was very grand. Santa Clara valley is fifteen miles wide and fifty miles long, and surrounded on nearly all sides by low mountains. The surroundings and the interior are covered with beautiful or-

chards. Its shaded roads are all located on lines and graveled. Orchard after orchard greets the vision for miles and miles. The rows of trees planted with great precision, and cultivated to their very roots, and all laden with fruit when we were there. The eye is charmed, and one cannot help but exclaim, "How beautiful!" Besides fruit they have English walnuts, almonds and white pepper trees—the last mentioned trees are beautiful. Various tropical trees grow there which add to the beauty of the country.

The total overland shipment of fruits, green, dried and canned, from San Jose in 1894 was 81,824,225 pounds. The same year, over the broad-gauge road there were shipped 106,950,715 pounds of dried prunes alone. We passed slowly over those beautiful well-kept roads, in many places shaded by the *Eucalyptus Glabulus*, known as the Blue Gum, a tree native of Australia; this tree soon makes a remarkable growth. At other places orchards line the road, all makes an enjoyable ride. During the summer season the roads are sprinkled every day, costing the county \$100,000 a year. About every mile is seen a water-tank and wind-pump by the side of the road, from which water is obtained to sprinkle them.

The Lick Observatory can be distinctly seen from San Jose on Mount Hamilton, directly east,

thirteen miles on a straight line. The elevation of Mount Hamilton is only 4,250 above sea level. At Almaden nearby is located the richest and most productive silver mines in the world excepting the Almaden mines in Spain. The mines are owned by the Quicksilver Mining Co. of New York. Up to March 1891 the product of these mines amounted to \$14,989,655.61. On Saturday, July 17, we left San Jose over the narrow gauge R. R. to Santa Cruz, but stopped off five miles from that place, at the Big Trees sixty-four miles south of San Francisco. As to size these trees are small compared to the ones found in Mariposa county. The trees that we visited, are the big trees of the red wood variety discovered by General Fremont and party, in March, 1846, who was at the head of an exploring party of sixty-four men employed by the United States government, Kit Carson being one of their number. They made their way across the continent amid great danger and privations. On going, we crossed a mountain spur, with fine scenery. Red wood trees suitable for lumber and other purposes are seen along the way. The cluster of big trees covers forty acres of land. They remain untouched, and will remain so. Many of the largest have names. I remember a few: The Giant, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Fremont,

Jumbo, the Three Sisters, and the Young Men's Christian Association group. This group receives its name from eleven large trees growing from the same roots. The Three Sisters are three trees connected together at the roots, and are hollow and one of them, when we were there was used for a kitchen, lunches were served on the ground. As it never rains there from April to October, the branches are ample protection from rain and sunshine.

The most perfect of all the big trees in that group is the Giant, and it is the largest. Several of the trees look larger, but are not. Eleven people touched fingers around this tree, and could barely reach around it. I stepped around "General Grant" and it made me twenty-two steps. Another tree about the same in circumference at the ground, sends forth seven large bodies from four to eight feet above, about thirty feet from the ground, one of the largest forked and three bodies grow out of that, any one of them would have made respectable saw logs. Among the most noted of all these trees is "General Fremont." This tree is hollow at the ground, and took its name from General Fremont occupying it in place of his tent while he remained there. Just over the head there is a shelf fixed, and on it are many cards and names of persons who have visited

there. The hollow in this tree is capable of holding twenty-six people and more could crowd in. When I was inside there were seventeen others, and upon taking a poll we found there were nine states represented. These trees do not have outspreading branches, but taper to the top cone-shaped, towering heavenward 300 feet in their majesty

Many thoughts will occupy the mind as we stand at their feet, looking upward, their tops seeming to pierce the sky. One feels like a pigmy or dwarf beside them. My mind was caused to wander back to remote ages of the past, and wonder how many winter winds had whistled through their branches, and the thunder bolts that they had warded off. These monarchs of the forest may have occupied the spot where they now stand ages before a human foot trod the soil, or a human voice disturbed their silence, and before the Christian religion was promulgated. The cones of these trees are much smaller than those of the Mariposa variety. The cones from the tall cedars of Lebanon in Tyre are at least twenty times larger than any of the Redwood cones, yet that tree is much smaller in girth and height. After visiting the trees we returned to 'Frisco that evening and stopped where we did before. We visited the city and especially that part of it

called "Chinatown." On the morning of July 21st we left for home. We took a sleeper and did not change cars until we arrived at Kansas City. We reached home on the 26th.

On the 21st of August, several of us from Bridgeton attended a reunion of the 14th Indiana regiment, held at Frank Welch's near Sandcreek. We made the trip over the Midland. On the 17th of September, an old peoples meeting was held at the New Discovery Church, I attended it. The meeting was carried on as nearly as it could be in the old way of fifty years ago, when religion was at par. This year my lodge honored me, by electing me Worshipful Master for the twenty-fifth time, and I attended the Grand Lodge as a delegate which met 24th of May, 1898. At the end of my term, the lodge presented me with a fine Masonic apron costing them \$18, in token of the services I had rendered during my twenty-five years as Master.

The year of 1898 I met with a small misfortune by going on another man's obligation to the amount of \$1,000. Feeling that I had paid about my share of such debts, and that I was getting too old to have to pay such debts, that had been continually robbing me of my own hard earnings, I made up my mind to quit. I had endorsed for many, and paid out thousands of dol-

lars that way. On the 17th of February 1898, I made an agreement with myself, and put it in writing which read: "This to certify, to-day, I take an oath, from this on, I will not bind myself in any way by putting my name to an obligation of any kind that will cause me to have it to pay, excepting some small amount to my children. So help me God." To this I attached my name. Since then I have been approached, but by presenting the instrument of writing, it settles the whole matter.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WINTER IN FLORIDA.

IN November, S. P. Crooks went to Orlando, Florida, thinking it might benefit him. He was anxious for me to go. I felt like I did not care to go south, but through his urgent request I went. But I did not get off until the 10th of January, 1899, William Crooks and my wife accompanied me. We went by the way of Cincinnati, Ohio, Knoxville, Tennessee, Asheville, North Carolina, Columbia, South Carolina, Savannah, Georgia to Jacksonville, Florida. We chose a picturesque route, one that I had never been over before. The French Broad river takes its rise in North Carolina and makes its way down through the mountains of East Tennessee. Our route led up that river, and the scenery is the finest I have ever seen east of the Mississippi river. The Hot Springs in North Carolina near the Tennessee line is a delightful little spot, nestling down among the mountains. It is said to be quite a health resort. A short ride further and we are at Asheville, situated near the top of Blue Ridge. Asheville is a beautiful place and quite a health resort.

On the morning of the 13th we reached Jack-

sonville, where we spent the day. On the following day we took passage over the Plant system for Orlando, arriving there at 4 o'clock. S. P. Crooks and Dr. Daly met us at the depot and conducted us to the place we called home. The next morning, January 15th, the sun was shining bright and warm. It did not seem possible that in so short a time one could emerge from mid-winter to what appeared the middle of May. The robins, blue-jays, and mocking birds were singing their carols, seemingly chanting praise to the author of all good, while we were sitting on our porch enjoying the balmy air, laden with the perfume of flowers; the roses in full bloom, the morning glory vines, with their beautiful funnel-shaped flowers, decorating our doorway, the yellow jasmine with trailing vines clinging to the wall or banisters, covered with a profusion of yellow flowers. Then to take a look into the garden, see vegetables in all stages of growth, strawberries on the vine, orange trees with their deep green foliage, and the beautiful yellow fruit, peeping out from the leaves; all this was calculated to make one feel that summer was nigh. It was hard to realize, in our minds, that the bleak and chilling winds of winter, with a temperature below zero, was holding sway over our beloved Indiana. Orlando is the county seat of Orange county, 125

miles south of Jacksonville and 75 miles northeast of Tampa. Its population is about 2,500, the corporation covers two miles square, and inside of the corporation there are eleven small lakes. Two of the most noted are Lake Eola and Lucerne, beautiful little bodies of water, both nearly round, and each a mile in circumference. Eola has a fine race and bicycle track around it, and the Lucerne a fine drive way. Both have fine residences fronting on them.

These lakes in the heat of the day seems to temper the atmosphere. The water gradually gets deeper from the edges to the center of the lakes. Their greatest depth is not much over twenty feet. No debris ever collects in them to produce malaria. They are perfectly clear and never get muddy, nice for boating and bathing. In my opinion these lakes at some remote period were made by sinks in the land. Many of them certainly have subterraneous outlets, as heavy rains seem to affect them but little. The St. John's river has its source in Orange county. Lake Apopka lies against its western border and is the largest lake in that locality. Lakes Monroe, Harney and Jesup are in the northern part of the county, and range from five to eight miles long, and from three to five miles wide. Besides these lakes, there are 1,000 smaller ones in the county,

varying from a few acres to several hundred in extent. They are of fresh, pure water and contain several varieties of fish, bream, bass and speckled perch are the most numerous, affording good sport for those who enjoy the rod and reel. Lake Harney has a history. It got its name from General Harney. During the Indian war he built a fort on the lake. It was attacked by the Indians; his little band of men were defeated. Gen. Harney and four others who were not killed, saved themselves by swimming the lake for five or six miles. I was informed that the posts upon which the fort stood in the water remain there to this day.

The location of Orlando is fine. It is said that there is only one higher place on the peninsula of Florida, it being 120 feet above sea level. No stagnant pools to produce malaria. Rain as it falls upon the earth, quickly disappears in the sands consequently no mud. The gulf and ocean breeze cool the air in summer, the gulf stream flowing along the east coast of Florida tempers the climate in winter, making the air salubrious and delightful. A climate suited for persons suffering from nose, throat, and lung troubles. During our six weeks stay at Orlando, I never heard an oath nor any unbecoming language. I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Jewel,

Eminent Grand Commander of Knights Templar of Florida. He was a fine gentleman; I spent several pleasant hours with him. Orlando has several very fine churches. Spires are seen of the Baptist, Christian, Episcopal, Methodist, Roman Catholic and Presbyterian. The colored people have several churches and are orderly, and seem to be industrious. In some other towns in the South, the colored population are in the majority; ignorant and indolent. The town is made up chiefly of northern people. Several Indiana people reside there. They do not depend so much on colored labor as other places. The poor white man did not seem to be looked upon as "white trash," northern customs were more in style. I found but few who discarded the letter R, in their pronunciation which is very common in the South. The sidewalks were made of clay which packed very smoothly and made fine walks. They never get muddy for they are built upon the sand. The pineapple culture around Orlando is quite an industry, and is attracting a great deal of attention. They grow very fine ones there, many weighing as much as ten pounds. A few persons have made small fortunes in the business. It requires considerable capital to start. Nothing is realized for eighteen months, as it takes that long for a crop to mature. I was in-

formed by E. F. Sperry of Orlando, who has been engaged in the business for several years, that the capital required to produce an acre would average about sixteen hundred dollars, that the returns would be more than double that at the end of two years.

The Orange county lands are gently undulating. Many of the small groves of beautiful straw-pines are still unmolested, the trees standing closely together, straight as arrows, the trunks devoid of limbs sixty feet up, lifting their graceful heads skyward. As the wind blows through their branches, the æolian melody produced seems to sing a sweet lullaby. Many of the pine forests have given away to the march of civilization; the orange tree, the grape fruit, lemon and tangerines now have taken their places, bringing happy realization to the patient toiler.

Two incidents that occurred during our stay at Orlando I will mention: On the morning of the 8th of February we were aroused from our slumber by the ringing of bells and the cry of "Fire! Fire!" Mr. Rollins, our landlord, came to our door and said: "The Arcade Hotel is burning, and that we had better get up." We did not wait for the second telling. The hotel was only a square away, a large wooden structure. The wind was blowing quite a gale towards us,

and it was raining fire on our quarters, a frame building with shingle roof. The house caught fire in two places but was put out. It seemed that the whole row was doomed to destruction. The street in front of us and the whole atmosphere was filled with sparks and fire brands, but our back way was almost clear of them. We packed our trunks in a hurry and got them out in the back yard, and waited for further development. The flying fagots, being pine wood, were light, and the wind being strong, it would blow them from the roof. We were saved from burning by what seemed almost a miracle and we prefer not to have any more of it.

On the morning of the 13th, how different from the 8th! Everthing that morning was in a glare of ice, the temperature down to 21 degrees above zero. What a dismal sight to see the beauty and fine prospect of Florida ruined in a few short hours! The day before, the temperature at noon was at 85 degrees in the shade. Late that evening it set in to rain, and rained till midnight, and turned suddenly cold and commenced to freeze and was cold all the next day, and on the following morning the thermometer stood at 22 degrees. That day it warmed up, but the great work of destruction had been accomplished, and every body was discouraged. The people had somewhat

recovered from the freeze of 1895 and this one completely "knocked them out." I made arrangements to go to Gainesville to spend the balance of the winter, and on the 22d day of February we left. I had secured rooms of Miss Ora Seigle, the ones we had occupied in 1895. S. P. Crooks remained at Orlando, William Crooks accompanied us.

The evening before our departure we were informed that Mr. Launt, the gentleman with whom we boarded at Cedar Keys, lived near town, and that he was engineer on the train that we were to go on the next day, and that he went as far as Wildwood. I very much regretted that I had not found that out before. Next morning I went to the depot early to see him before we got started. We had but a short time to exchange words. He gave me short account of the terrible hurricane that came very near destroying Cedar Keys two years before. We parted with him at Wildwood. It rained all day and when we reached Gainesville we felt that we had gotten home. While at Gainesville Prof. Caraway, a hypnotist, did one remarkable feat. A committee of citizens was appointed to take a carriage and drive over certain streets that they chose. Caraway was to be blindfolded and led to the carriage. They blindfolded him in his room, brought him down, led him to the

carriage, put him in and gave him the lines. He started the horses off in a gallop, turning corners, driving over the identical streets they had went without making a mistake. A fellow accompanied him by the name of Alphonzo Monor, who claimed to be a snake-charmer. He hired a negro who knew where to find snakes to go with him snake hunting. Two or three fellows went along to see the show and Billy Crooks and I accidentally fell in with him. They captured several kinds but none poisonous. He let them bite him on the hands and the blood would drop from the wounds. He gave me his remedy for snake-bites: Chloride of potash in solution hyperdermically administered, injected in two or three places around the wound, bandage above it, enlarge the orifice of the bite and bathe it in kerosene oil. We remained at Gainesville six weeks, stopped at Jacksonville one week, at Asheville one day, and at Cincinnati two days, arriving home the 17th of April.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOURTH TRIP TO COLORADO.

In July I made my fourth trip to Colorado, arriving at Denver the 13th. We took quarters at 1831 Curtis street. On July the 15th we visited the United States mint, and were shown favors from Mr. A. S. Whitaker. We saw them weighing gold as it came from the smelter. It was weighed on a pair of scales which I was told were so exact that one might write his name on a piece of paper with a lead pencil and the amount of the material left on the paper could be weighed. We saw them melting the gold into bricks. To see the mine owners bringing the gold in, one would be led to believe that the mountains were full of it. We met Mr. B. F. George that day for the first time—a man that I had corresponded with for years, a fine specimen of humanity, 68 years of age, tall, erect, with honesty stamped on his face. He made our visit to Denver a pleasant one. We visited his family several times, and spent the afternoon. On the 22nd my wife and I visited the State Capitol building, which is beautifully located on a high piece of ground. From its tower one gets a good view of the city and surrounding country. My object in visiting

Colorado was to invest in mining property. Mr. George advised me take an interest with him in the Annex mine on "Bob-tail hill," near Central City, Gilpin county. On the 25th I, in company of Mr. George and my wife, boarded the Colorado Southern R. R. cars for Black Hawk and Central City, forty miles from Denver, to see that mining property. Black Hawk is one mile from Central City. The railroad follows the right hand fork of Clear Creek canyon to Black Hawk, one mile from Central City. To get to Central City from Black Hawk the cars take a switch-back, and commences to climb the side of the mountain, running backward, mounting up higher along the side of the mountain for one mile.

As I looked from the car window down on the town, as the train is backing up its narrow road bed closely hugging the mountain side, a yawning chasm on the other; it appeared to me that it would take but little to cause the train to leave the track, and go crashing down the side of the precipice, onto the town several hundred feet below. After proceeding that way for one mile the cars run on a Y-shaped switch, and now the engine takes the lead, climbing still higher up along the mountainside above the track we had just passed over, traversing another mile and we are yet one mile from Central City. Distance, three miles by

rail from Black Hawk to Central City. I was told that the late Robert J. Ingersoll once visited Central City, and he passed over the same route, and at the end of the journey he said: "I don't want any more of that." In the afternoon, through the kindness of John Riley, a son-in-law of Mr. George, who is a mining engineer, and an expert in the mining business, we were driven in a carriage to the top of Bobtail hill, where are located some rich gold mines, among them the Belmont-Cheming, Nodaway, Annex and the Golden Wedge. I examined the Annex in which I had bought an interest in, and when I saw it I was pleased with my purchase. In an early day, a man discovered a rich mine on this mountain. He owned a yoke of oxen, and one of them died. The living ox was bob-tailed. He made a contrivance from the dead ox's hide, in which he hauled the rich dirt from his mine down the mountain, to water where he could wash out his gold, using the bob-tailed ox to haul it. From this circumstance the mountain and the mine got the name of Bob-tail.

It was here, in this locality, gold was first discovered in Colorado, and was called the Pikes Peak, excitement. Miners in those days had to adopt rigid measures for protection. As we returned to the city that evening, a solitary grave was pointed out to us where a man was buried who had been

hanged for stealing. It was on top of the mountain and two rude stones marked the spot. I noticed that one lonely wild flower grew upon his grave. On Wednesday morning, July the 26th, we took stage from Central City over the divide for Idaho Springs a distance of five-miles. On arriving at the summit, we then began to descend, the road going down Virginia canyon. A tortuous narrow road that hugs closely the mountain side, for two and one-half miles down to Idaho Springs. We made a descent in that distance of 2,000 feet. The road way is so steep that I had to brace my feet against something to keep from sliding out of my seat. The scenery was fine, but I felt relieved when the trip was completed. I was told, that when President Grant visited the Rocky mountains that he passed over the same route. He was driven over in a private carriage. While the party that accompanied him went by stage. In going down this declivity, his driver put whip to his horses and went down with considerable speed, which does not look very safe to a tenderfoot. The General spoke to him and said: "Young man, I think you had better drive a little slower!" The young fellow said to him: "I think as much of my d—d neck as you do of yours." Drivers do seem to drive very reckless, but they understand their business, and so do the

horses. On arriving at Idaho Springs we took a train to Georgetown and Silver Plume over the loop which I have heretofore described. While at Silver Plume we viewed the place where the avalanche occurred, the winter before, and had carried everything before it, snow, stone, and earth, thousands of tons, crushing houses and burying them out of sight. One poor fellow that was never found, is supposed to lie beneath the debris.

To person's that like to look at nature's wonders, I would advise them to make this trip of sixty miles. After spending two weeks at Denver and vicinity pleasantly, we went to Manitou for a day. I took a stroll on the 31st in the afternoon, taking the pony trail that leads to the top of Pike's Peak, for a mile, going along near the railroad track up Truxton's creek. After ascending, one gets exquisite views. The stream is a typical mountain brook, with its cold sparkling waters, forming little cascades and foaming rapids, its margin dotted with a luxuriant growth of pines and spruces. Titanic boulders hurled down from granite heights during geological disturbances in pre-historic ages, lie strewn around on every hand; boulders are piled in chaotic confusion over the bed of the stream. Gog and Magog—two noted piles of rock upon the mountain side

—can be seen from Manitou. Heretofore I have written about Manitou, its health-giving springs and blue sky, and that will suffice.

On August the 1st we left for Canyon City for the purpose of visiting the Drake family, who live near that city and once lived in Indiana. G. W. Drake had urgently requested me to visit them while in Colorado. On arriving at Canyon City we found Thomas, William and George awaiting our arrival. The three boys and their sister, Mrs. Castleberry all live close together. William and George married the daughters of Henry White, who had also resided in Parke county. George lives at Brookside, a coal-mining town on the south side of the Arkansas river, while the others lived on the north side, just opposite, with the swift, dangerous river between them, and when they visited each other, they either had to go to Canyon, four miles up the river, or Florence, which was four miles down the river. We went with George to Brookside that evening. He laid aside everything to show us over the country during the nine days we tarried there. While at Brookside I took in the town and strolled over the hills among the cactus.

On the following day I visited Canyon City and its fine mineral springs. The Colorado penitentiary is here. We went to visit his brothers that

evening and returned to Brookside. Next morning we went by the way of Florence that we might see the country, and crossed the river at that point. In going up we left the river and passed over some arid prairie land, where but little grew but prickly pears. Here we passed through the most extensive dog town I had ever seen, covering hundreds of acres. Prairie dogs always select such a spot for their towns. Here I had a good chance of seeing the little fellows at home, running nimbly around, or sitting on their haunches near their burrows ready to dart into their holes if they saw danger. Wm. G. Smith, a Colorado naturalist, speaking of them, says: "It has been claimed that the prairie dog, owl and rattlesnake live harmoniously together. Impossible! The burrowing owl will generally be seen where dogs congregate, and the rattlesnake takes possession of their burrows, but when he draws his slimy carcass in there is a lively scattering, and they give him all the room he wants. The dogs are neat little fellows and do not allow any litter to accumulate around their doors. They go to bed early, and never go around before daylight to disturb their neighbors."

On arriving at Thomas Drake's we partook of a sumptuous dinner, and enjoyed the hospitality of the Castleberry's that night. On next day the

4th of August we all went to visit the heights overlooking the Royal Gorge. The point we reached was by wagon road up in the mountains eighteen miles distant from Canyon City, but only five miles by rail. I had passed through this gorge about two years before, but the sight did not compare in grandeur, to viewing it from the top, and peering down from our giddy heights, déép into this mighty chasm ; its ponderous crags rising above the roadbed and river 2,627 feet, the crooked roadbed fitting the curves on one side, and the Arkansas river, which only looked like a rivulet, hugged the walls on the other side, and at the top of the mountain where we stood, it looked to be hardly a stones-throw across it. While there we had the pleasure of seeing five trains of cars pass beneath us, the roadbed and cars looked diminutive in size. The semicircular motion of the cars fitting the corners resembled a snake crawling along. The day was lovely and a bright sunshine gave an added charm to the scene. An awe seems to seize one, which cannot be easily described.

Going back to Brookside that evening, George Drake rigged up a wagon with a cover and a team of mules, and the next day we started for Cripple Creek thirty-five miles distant, all the way over the mountains, Mount Pisgah being our guide.

Mr. Howel and wife, the two Drakes and their wives and myself and wife made up the party. We left Wm. Drake's on the evening of the 5th. When about two miles out a heavy rain fell, but our wagon cover shielded us. We soon reached the foothills, passed up Oil canyon, after traveling eight miles we camped for the night. Camping out and cooking around a camp fire was something new to my wife. The next day our way led us up Española canyon, mounting higher and higher until we reached Mount Pisgah near its apex. Passing around it near its apex, we soon reach Cripple Creek. When we reached the extremity of the canyon, our way led us up over a switchback, a road running zigzag with short turns above each other. As we rounded the apex a light rain came, which seemed to chill us to the very bone, and heavy wraps came in service.

We arrived at Cripple Creek shortly before sunset. I was astonished to see a city of 20,000 inhabitants away up in the mountains, where ten years ago there nothing existed but rugged mountains. In July, 1897, a very destructive fire consumed almost the entire city, but now it is built up with large brick and stone building. It is the greatest gold mining district known in the United States. My wife was taken sick that evening and was sick until the next day and she did not get to

see the town and suburbs. My wife getting better, we started to return the next evening. Our party availed themselves of the opportunity of taking in the sights, my wife wished me to accompany them. I got the landlady to look after her in my absence. We took a trip by rail around the mountain side to Victor and other little places on the way, all touching each other, and up to Altman, where we gained the apex. Altman stands upon the very top of the mountain, and is the highest town in the United States, it being 12,000 feet above sea level—only one other higher in the civilized world. On the evening of the 7th we started to return, getting down over the switch back and into Española canyon, and again camped for the night.

This canyon took its name from an old Mexican outlaw who once infested it. For years he had a secret hiding place, where he secreted himself when he was pursued. His hiding place had often been searched for, but could not be found. Finally he and his son were killed, and yet the place had not been discovered. Just a few years ago two men accidentally found it. It was a cave away up in a cliff, and in it they found a great deal of plunder—guns, clothing, and various articles. On return to Mr. Drake's that evening we found Mrs. Drake, the widow of Tilghman

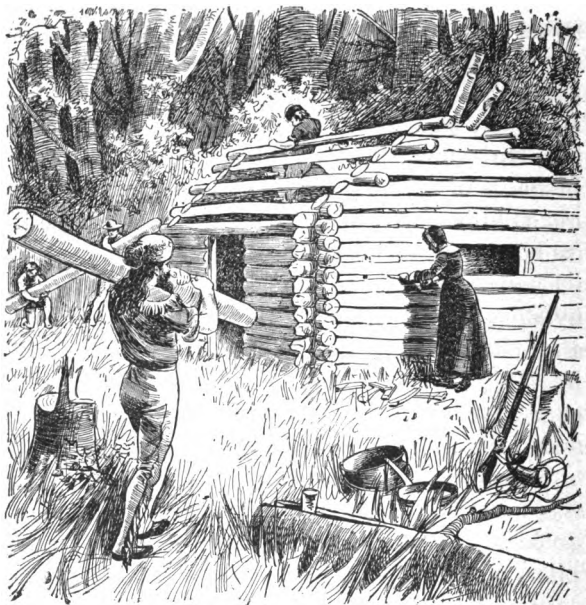
Drake, who had come all the way from Montana, 1,200 miles, to see us before we went home. We expected to start home the next morning, but we put it off another day, and started home on the 10th over the Union Pacific through Kansas, and arrived at home the 13th.

CONCLUSION.

Nearly all my life I have been blessed with good health, possessing a constitution suited to withstand exposure. The practice of medicine for over fifty years has been my chief employment. When professionally called I went at all hours, day and night, faced all kinds of weather, rain, hail, snow storms, the heat of summer and the blasts of winter. My career as a practitioner, proved quite successful financially, and I hope it has been some small benefit to humanity.

I have been engaged in various enterprises, as my story shows; often through necessity, and at other times for gain, and yet again to have my time fully taken up. I have met with several severe reverses. If I had never engaged in the mercantile business, or left my business for others to manage, I would be thousands of dollars better off. I lost \$20,000 through the firm of Fletcher, Crooks & Co., at Brazil, Indiana; five thousand dollars by fires, seven thousand dollars by securing the payment of other people's debts, and a small fortune in bad debts, but I always managed to keep my head above water. No one can say they ever lost a dollar by me. In my story I have endeavored to portray a few of the

things the hardy and brave pioneer underwent when he penetrated the illimitable wilderness of Indiana. I greatly reverence these brave men and women and hold a place ever dear in my



memory for them, although their homes were humble cabins, built of round logs, the cracks chinked and daubed with mud, and covered with clapboards held in place with long poles; the floor

made of puncheons split and hewn from logs; the chimney from clay and split sticks; the doors constructed of clapboards pinned to wooden frames, and hung on wooden hinges and fastened by a wooden latch. To the latch was attached a string which passed through a hole in the door; the string generally hung out during the day and was pulled in at night; from this custom, this saying originated: "You will always find my latch-string hanging out."

The one room answered for a kitchen, dining room, sitting room, bed room and parlor. The cooking was done in utensils before an open fire place; the meals served on a rudely constructed table, from pewter dishes and blue-edged cups and saucers. Over the door, on wooden brackets, reposed the faithful rifle, where it would be handy for use at a moment's warning. In the corner stood the little spinning-wheel when not in use, and oftentimes the babe was laid in the cradle—a sugar trough—and rocked to sleep by its mother while at work at her spinning-wheel. The old well-sweep would be found doing service near the kitchen door, the gourd as a drinking vessel hung near the well. Yet through all the privations and simple mode of living there was a vein of enjoyment felt that does not touch the heart and feelings of the present generations, and

happiness reigned supreme in these humble dwellings.

The good feeling that once existed in those sparsely settled neighborhoods has departed into



the dim shadows of the past. During these primitive times, the almighty dollar did not occupy the first and uppermost place in the minds of these sturdy pioneers, who endeavored and took pleasure in assisting each other, instead of

devising a plan whereby they could take some undue advantage of their neighbor. The children were taught to obey their parents, and also to treat all they met with civility. They did not get the sympathy of their parents in their wrongdoings, and were not upheld by them as some are at the present day. I think this is one of the greatest errors that can be committed by parents.

As I have now come to bid the reader adieu let me drop these thoughts. As I think of the wonderful achievements and improvements that have come since my boyhood days, I almost imagine I have been dreaming. I have seen the mighty monarchs of the forest disappear before the woodman's ax, and the humble cabin, and the rudely constructed school, and church house, crumble into decay, and stately buildings rise up in their stead, and villages grow into cities. I can call to mind when deer, wild turkeys and other wild animals roamed the forests of Indiana. I have seen the redman driven from his home, and compelled to leave behind him the graves of his ancestors. I have also lived to see the packhorse and the old stage coach superseded by the fine palace car and the freight car; the canoe, keel and rudely constructed flatboat that once nobly performed their mission disappear from our rivers and the fine steamer take their place.

The great discovery of steam, set machinery in motion which moved the world. I have lived to see a network of railroads connect the cities of Indiana, and span the continent, carrying passengers with wonderful rapidity from one side of the continent to the other. Electricity came next and the telegraph was invented and communications further improved. Then the telephone by which the human voice may be distinctly heard for many miles. News made to pass from one point to another almost as quick as thought to the remote parts of the world, where sixty years ago it took days, weeks and months to communicate one with another. Electricity has been harnessed and all kinds of machinery set in motion; electric cars to move seemingly without assistance, and to make light for cities, business houses and dwelling. Wonderful inventions are closely following each other. It seems that liquid air is going to join in and take an active part. I ask : "What will come next?"

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